



BARDO

The Interval Between the
Illusion of Death and Rebirth

A Course in Awareness

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Contents

Prologue

An Invitation Beyond the Veil

Part I – Horizons of Death and Awakening

The Interpretation of the Tibetan Book of the Dead
Dogma and Gnosis: Two Visions of Death
Near-Death Experiences as Portals of Remembrance

Part II – BARDO: The Threshold Reimagined

The Gnostic Voice of the Bardo
The Portals of Return and Remembrance
Invocation at the Threshold
The Ninth Octave – Songs of Becoming and Return

Part III – The Soul's Passage

Passage Through the Secondary Light
The Luminous Soul-Body and Meeting of Realities
The Chamber of Reflections
The Spiral of Binding Light

Ritual of the Threefold Passage
Verses of Remembrance
The Gnosis That Sets You Free

Recognitions and Realizations
The Image of the First Mystery
The Cycle of Aeonic Wandering
The Field of Divine Fullness
The Threefold Manifestation

Part IV – Return to the Fullness

The Sophonikon – Radiant Communion
The Kosmikon – Manifestation of Presence
The Pleromatic Homecoming

Appendices

Glossary of Key Terms
Prayers and Practices of Remembrance
Notes on Comparative Traditions

How to Read This Book: “*this book is both a guide and a meditation, moving from doctrine → poetic vision → practice*”.

1. **Poetic, Not Doctrinal** – The text is less a manual of strict theology and more a visionary-poetic guide. Its imagery is meant to be read slowly, perhaps aloud, to open inner resonance rather than intellectual analysis.
2. **A Hybrid Voice** – Readers should be aware that this book is not a faithful rendering of Tibetan Buddhism, Christianity, or Gnosticism, but a creative synthesis. It is best read as a contemplative bridge between traditions.
3. **Practical Dimension** – Rituals and invocations are included not to enforce orthodoxy, but to provide tools for meditation, the dying, or accompanying the dying.
4. **Interfaith Context** – The book situates itself in a wider conversation—where NDEs, Eastern mysticism, and Christian Gnostic voices point to a shared human experience of death as awakening.

THE BOOK OF THE NEW DAWN

Prologue – An Invitation Beyond the Veil

Birth into the body is already a kind of death—the first forgetting. From that first breath, you enter a realm of shadows, where the eternal light hides beneath layers of form and story. Yet this life you call your own is not the whole journey; it is only one chamber in an *infinite house of becoming*.

When the body loosens its grip and what the world calls *death* approaches, you will not awaken to something foreign, but to a continuation of what you have carried all along—the patterns, loves, fears, and visions that shaped your days. These do not vanish; they simply take on new garments, *symbols woven from the fabric of your own meaning*.

In that threshold state—*the Bardo*—you will behold yourself without disguise. You will face the light you cherished, the truth you ignored, the illusions you defended. For a moment, the veil will lift, *and all will stand revealed*.

For the awakened soul, this is not terror but homecoming. It recognises the *Radiance* because it has *walked with it in life*. But for those still clinging to the shadow-play, the corridors stretch long. They wander, not by punishment, but by resonance—drawn always to what matches the *song of their heart*.

Make no mistake: what you believe now, the loves you serve and the fears you nourish, will shape what you see beyond the veil. *Eternal Light and Eternal Darkness* are not abstractions—they are choices, crystallised in consciousness. And if you do not awaken here, you may circle through worlds without end, *repeating the dream as you do now*, ruled by the *echo of ego*, while the *call of remembrance whispers still to the spark within you*.

This book is for that spark. For the part of you that already suspects there is more than this. Here, in these pages, are signs and symbols, not to bind you, but to lead you back—to the Light that was never absent.

Will you walk with me beyond the threshold?

Come, beloved soul,
and step with me across the hidden veil.
It is thinner than breath,
softer than silence,
*yet it divides shadow from radiance,
forgetfulness from remembrance.*

Beyond this veil,
time unravels its hold,
and the earth discloses its secret light.
What was thought to be stone
is revealed as passing mist,
and what was thought to be loss
is seen as a doorway to fullness.

This path is no exile from the world.
It is the world transfigured.
It is the heart recalled to its first song,
the eye washed clean
to behold the Eternal in all things.

Bring what you carry—
your hunger, your weariness,
your broken fragments and your hidden hope.
Nothing is cast aside.
All is gathered into the fire of remembrance.

Listen.
The silence speaks.
The Light calls by name.
And the One who waits beyond all veils
has never ceased to walk beside you.

Come, and see.

Come, and be seen.

Come, and remember who you are.

The Interpretation of The Tibetan Book of the Dead

1. Dogmatic Christian Perspectives

In traditional Christian theology—particularly within Roman Catholicism, Eastern Orthodoxy, and many Protestant traditions—the journey of the soul after death follows a defined path, shaped by Scripture, doctrine, and centuries of interpretation. This path is presented as linear and absolute, governed by divine judgment. Below is a concise outline of this framework:

a) Death and the Particular Judgment

At the moment of physical death, the soul separates from the body and immediately undergoes what is known as the *particular judgment*. Here, Christ determines the soul's eternal destiny based on its faith and deeds during earthly life (Hebrews 9:27). The outcome is one of three states:

- **Heaven** – Immediate entrance into the presence of God.
- **Purgatory** – A temporary state of purification for those not yet perfected in love.
- **Hell** – Eternal separation from God, resulting from deliberate and final rejection of divine grace.

b) Heaven

For souls who die in grace and friendship with God, Heaven is the ultimate fulfilment—the *beatific vision*: perfect and eternal communion with God, free from all suffering and limitation (Revelation 21:1–4).

c) Purgatory (Catholic and Some Orthodox Traditions)

Purgatory is understood not as punitive but as a merciful state of purification for those who die in grace yet remain imperfectly transformed. Once fully purified, the soul enters Heaven (1 Corinthians 3:15).

d) Hell

Hell signifies the irrevocable choice of separation from God—depicted in Scripture with images of fire and darkness (Matthew 25:41–46). It represents conscious awareness of divine absence, not annihilation but alienation.

e) The Second Coming and the General Judgment

At the consummation of time, Christ returns in glory. This event brings:

- **Resurrection of the body**—souls reunite with glorified bodies.
- **Universal Judgment**—the full revelation of every soul's story and God's justice.

- **The New Creation**—the righteous enter the New Heaven and New Earth, while the unrepentant remain in separation (Matthew 25:31–46).

f) The Eternal States

- The redeemed dwell eternally in union with God, body and soul restored.
- The damned persist in eternal alienation, embodying the consequences of their choices.

This model underscores:

- The gravity of moral freedom,
- The indispensable role of grace and faith in Christ,
- The ultimate hope of resurrection and eternal communion with God.

2. Gnostic Christian Interpretation

The Gnostic vision of the soul's journey after death differs profoundly from traditional dogmatic Christianity. It is less a ***courtroom drama of judgment*** and more an ***odyssey of remembrance and liberation***—a return from exile to the realm of Light.

a) The Fall into Matter

To understand death, Gnosticism begins with a deeper premise: the origin of the soul.

- The soul—or *divine spark*—arises from the **Pleroma**, the Fullness of Light beyond time, space, and duality.
- Through a cosmic disruption—symbolized in myth as the fall of **Sophia** (Wisdom)—this spark descends into the material cosmos, governed by the **Demiurge**, a false creator, and his **Archons**, rulers of the lower realms.
- Thus, birth into a body is already a *kind of death*, a *sleep of forgetfulness*, in which the *soul loses memory of its divine origin*.

b) Physical Death as Awakening

When the body falls away, the soul's true passage begins:

- For the awakened Gnostic, *death is liberation*, not terror—a release from the prison of flesh and form.
- The soul ascends, *retracing its path inward*, seeking to pierce through the veils it once passed on the way into matter.

c) The Archonic Toll Gates

The ascent is not without obstacles. The heavens are guarded by Archons—cosmic gatekeepers who feed on ignorance.

- Each Archon reigns over a planetary sphere and challenges the soul with illusions, accusations, and fear.
- The awakened one counters with *gnosis*—the secret knowledge of divine names, truths, and passwords imparted by *Christ* or the *Revealer*.
- This gnosis is the soul's passport, *dissolving the Archons' authority* and freeing the soul to ascend further.

d) Judgment, Purification, and the Choice of the Soul

Unlike the *punitive scheme of eternal damnation*, Gnosticism envisions a self-revealing process:

- The unawakened soul, *bound by ignorance*, may return to the *cycle of birth* and death until it remembers.
- Some souls, *unable to endure the light*, may dissolve into chaos, *choosing oblivion* over awakening.
- The illumined soul is not judged but *recognized*—welcomed by the realms of its origin.

e) Return to the Pleroma

The victorious soul passes beyond the seven planetary gates, through the **Ogdoad** (the eighth heaven), and **enters the Pleroma**—the dwelling of the **Aeons**, divine emanations such as *Logos, Sophia, and Christ*.

- Here, duality ends. Forgetfulness ends.
- The soul enters the **Bridal Chamber**—a mystical union with the *Source* beyond all opposites, where it *becomes one with the Light it always was*.

f) The Role of the Gnostic Christ

In this cosmology, *Christ* is not a sacrificial victim appeasing wrath, but the **Light-Bearer**, the **revealer of forgotten truth**.

- He descends from the Pleroma to **awaken the divine spark** slumbering in matter.
- His parables conceal deeper mysteries, *waiting for the ear that can hear*.
- Through gnosis—**the inward knowing**—the soul remembers its origin, overcomes the powers of illusion, and **returns to its eternal home**.

Summary:

Stage	Description
Fall	Soul trapped in material world via ignorance.
Death	Release from bodily prison; the start of ascent.
Archons	Guardians of false heavens must be overcome with gnosis.
Pleroma	Soul returns to Divine Fullness—eternal, ineffable union with the One.
Failure	Ignorant soul may reincarnate or remain in bondage.

3. Scientific and Personal Accounts of Near-Death Experiences (NDEs)

Across cultures and belief systems, Near-Death Experiences (NDEs) share strikingly consistent patterns. While interpretations vary—shaped by religious and cultural frameworks—the core elements recur with remarkable similarity.

General Phases of a Near-Death Experience

1. Out-of-Body Experience (OBE)

- A sensation of leaving the body, often hovering above the scene.
- Many describe observing medical teams, loved ones, or the accident site with a sense of calm detachment.

2. Heightened Awareness and Clarity

- An overwhelming sense of peace, timelessness, and expanded consciousness.
- Colours, sounds, and thoughts are perceived with extraordinary vividness.

3. Passage Through Darkness or a Tunnel

- A movement through a tunnel, corridor, or vast darkness.
- Often accompanied by the presence of a radiant light drawing the experiencer forward.

4. Encounter with Light or Beings

- A meeting with a luminous Presence—interpreted as God, a Being of Light, or pure love.
- Many also report encounters with deceased loved ones, spiritual guides, or religious figures *aligned with their belief system*.

5. Life Review

- A panoramic replay of one's life, experienced *from both self and others' perspectives*.

- This review often evokes deep empathy and insight into the *ripple effects of one's actions*.

6. Nonverbal Communication

- A profound exchange of understanding—beyond words—with the Light or guiding beings.
- Core messages emphasize love, unity, forgiveness, and life's intrinsic purpose.

7. The Boundary or Point of No Return

- A sense of reaching a limit—such as a door, gate, or threshold.
- Many report being told, or intuitively knowing, that it is “*not yet time*,” leading to the decision to return.

8. The Return to the Body

- The return is often abrupt, sometimes painful, and accompanied by sadness or longing.
- The physical body is experienced as heavy and limited compared to the expansiveness of the NDE state.

Common Themes and Aftereffects

Psychological Effects

- Profound *reduction in fear of death*.
- Increased spirituality and *sense of divine connection*.
- Heightened empathy, compassion, and *appreciation for life*.
- Challenges in reintegrating and articulating the experience.

Cross-Cultural Consistencies

- While the imagery varies—Jesus for Christians, Yama or ancestors for Hindus—the *structure and emotional essence of the NDE remain universally similar*.

Notable Research

- **Raymond Moody (1975)** introduced the term “NDE” in *Life After Life*.
- **Dr. Pim van Lommel**, cardiologist, studied NDEs in cardiac arrest patients under clinical conditions.
- **Kenneth Ring** and **Bruce Greyson** created standardized scales for NDE content and psychological impact.

Scientific Theories (Sceptical Perspective)

- Oxygen deprivation (hypoxia) in the brain.
- Release of endorphins or endogenous DMT.

- The brain generating imagery during shutdown.

Yet, no single theory fully explains the **consistency, lucidity, and long-term transformative effects of NDEs**.

How it Reflects the Bardo

When we turn to the teachings of the Bardo, the parallels become unmistakable. NDE accounts mirror what is described as the **first day of the Bardo journey**—a passage into the intermediate state, where the *soul encounters light, clarity, and its own truths*.

Reflection

What modern accounts call a Near-Death Experience, the ancient texts of the Bardo describe with uncanny familiarity. Both speak of a passage through darkness, encounters with radiant beings, a life review, and a *threshold where choice is offered*. Could it be that these experiences are not separate phenomena, but glimpses of the same timeless reality viewed through different cultural lenses? If so, the Bardo is not merely a doctrine of the past—it **is a living map for understanding the profound continuity between life, illusion of death, and awakening**.

Parallel Journeys: NDE and Bardo Compared

- **Phase 1: Separation from Body**
 - NDE: Out-of-Body Experience.
 - Bardo: The Moment of Death – consciousness detaches from the physical form.
- **Phase 2: Transition Space**
 - NDE: Tunnel or Darkness leading to Light
 - Bardo: Chikhai Bardo – Clear Light appears, ultimate reality revealed
- **Phase 3: Encounter with Higher Beings**
 - NDE: Light Being, guides, deceased loved ones
 - Bardo: Peaceful and Wrathful Deities as symbolic projections of mind
- **Phase 4: Life Review**
 - NDE: Panoramic review, empathy, consequence awareness
 - Bardo: Mirror of Karma – experiencing the fruits of one's actions
- **Phase 5: Decision or Pull Back**
 - NDE: Boundary, choice to return or continue
 - Bardo: Free-will choice to awaken or re-enter samsara
- **Phase 6: Return or Liberation**
 - NDE: Return to body, profound transformation
 - Bardo: Union with Clear Light (*Liberation*) or *rebirth* based on *resonance*

A poetic vision of an archetypal Near-Death Experience, drawing from the universal elements reported by people across cultures—a mystical, symbolic rendering of the soul's crossing:

Between the Breaths

A Poetic Journey Through a Near-Death Experience

In the hush between the last breath out
and the one that never comes again,
I found myself unfastened—
a thread of light pulled gently from a garment.
No pain, no panic,
just stillness
like the surface of untouched water.

My body lay beneath me,
quiet and tender like a shell.
And I was above,
watching,
but no longer bound.

Then came the motion—
not by feet, nor flight,
but as if thought had become a river,
and I was its silver current.
A tunnel opened—
or was it a passage made of shadow and memory—
and I was drawn
not with fear,
but a strange, aching longing
for something, I had forgotten, I missed.

At the end,
a light
brighter than suns,
but softer than snow falling on the heart.
It did not blind me.
It knew me.
And in its presence,
I remembered who I was
before I learned to be afraid.

There were voices—
not heard, but understood—
and figures of light,
some with faces I had loved,
some too vast to name.

They welcomed me
not for what I had done,

***but for who I truly was
beneath the masks I wore.***

A mirror opened in the light,
and I saw my life
unfold like a book with living pages.
*I felt what I had given,
and what I had withheld.*
I wept for both,
and was held.

Then came a choice
—or was it a knowing—
that it was not yet time
to stay.
***There was something still to learn,
or someone still to love.***

And so, I turned
not away from the Light,
but toward the world
as a soul reborn into breath,
carrying silence,
and a name only the Light had called me by.

I woke
to the weight of the world again—
to bones and blood
and clocks that cannot hold eternity—
but something had changed.

I had walked beyond the veil,
and returned
not with answers,
but with a song
that only the heart can hear.

Book I

BARDO – The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Reimagined in a Gnostic Christian Voice.

Originally penned in the 8th century and attributed to the revered Buddhist master **Padmasambhava** (*In humble recognition, may **Your** words resonate with eyes that can see*), “**The Tibetan Book of the Dead**”, or “**Bardo Thodol**” in Tibetan, acts as a spiritual guide for the deceased during the transitional phase between death and rebirth, termed **the Bardo**.

A Gnostic Reflection on the *Threshold of Being*

First comes the trembling, before unveiling—
when breath withdraws to its *secret root*,
the senses dim, and *time loosens its illusion*.
The veil begins to shimmer.

You are summoned to stand before the image once called “**the end.**”
But it is not an end.
It is a mirror—deep, unyielding, and tender—
reflecting not your history, not your name,
but the ***eternal spark of Light*** that has never ceased to burn beneath the garment of form.

You behold not yourself as ego,
*but as **Aeon**—shimmering, remembering, returning.*

Then comes the crossing.
Not forward, but inward—
into the ***aeonic interval***,
the luminous hush the ancients called the ***Pleromatic Pause***,
known in other tongues as ***Bardo***—
or the ***Silence of Sophia***.

Here, the Archons cannot follow.
Here, the false rulers fall mute.
*Here, the **Great Reminder** waits:*

That the *Extension* is not elsewhere, but within.
That the Light does not fall from above,
but rises from the innermost sanctuary where the Logos whispers still.

Here, you will remember—
that the path was never a path,
but the undoing of forgetfulness,
the rending of ignorance,
the return to the Bridal Chamber.

The Portals

Then appear the portals—
not gates of judgment,
but thresholds of resonance.
Each opens to a *world woven by your own echo—*
a harmony, or a dissonance.

*You may re-enter the circuit of incarnation,
drawn by the weight of unfinished longing.*

Or—

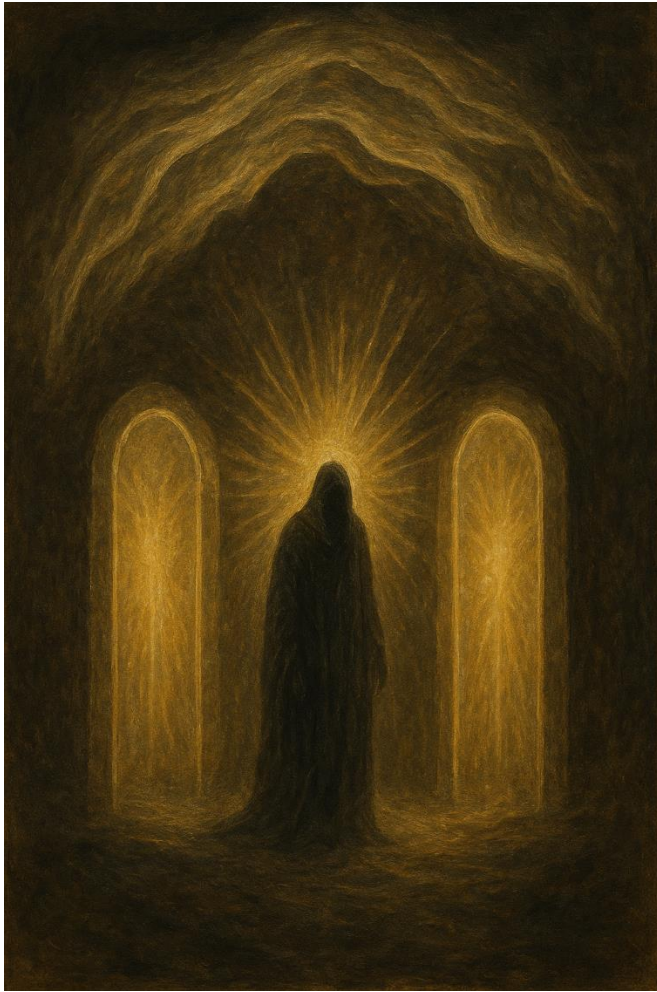
If your seeing is clear and your heart still,
you may turn from the wheel of return:
not into oblivion,
but into remembrance.
Not into sleep,
but into Pleroma.
Not to be reborn,
but to awaken—
as the Light you never left,
as the Word that was always with Being—
and is.

Prayer at the Threshold

Invocation for the Moment of Crossing

O Divine Source,
Light beyond all shadows,
Essence within all forms—

When the veil begins to tremble,
when breath returns to its root,
guide me to remember:



*Let me not name this moment death,
but **Threshold**.
Let me not greet it as stranger,
but as mirror.*

*Reveal to me not the tale of my life,
but the truth of my Light—
the spark You planted within me
before the world began.*

*When I pass inward—
into the stillness between worlds,
into the *aeonic hush* where no shadow
reigns—
let me hear the **Great Reminder**:*

*That the *Extension* is within me,
that the Light I seek was never far,
but waits in the silence
where You have always spoken.*

*If the doors of return appear—
let me choose not by fear, but by
resonance.*

*Let me remember what the world
would have me forget:*

***That my origin is not dust, but Logos,
not name, but Name-Before-Names.***

*If my heart be still and my sight clear,
may I walk not back into form,
but forward into **Remembrance**—
not to be born again,
but to awaken in You.*

Amen. Amen. Amen.

The Ninth Octave (Book of Songs) The Gnosis that Close the Path to the Wheel of Time

1. The Light Was Never Far—*It Was the Aeon Within Awaiting Recognition.*

At the hour when flesh releases its claim,
there rises a stillness older than silence—
not absence, but fullness;
not darkness, but the *Clear Light of the Pleroma*,
boundless, uncreated,
as though the heavens themselves remember
they were never heavens,
but *emanations of Spirit.*



This is the *First Light*—
the brilliance of the *Monad*,
the voice of the *Ineffable One*—
never distant, only veiled.
It is not a light you approach,
but the *Source that abides within.*
It does not descend—*it is unveiled.*
You do not reach it—*you remember it.*

There were those who heard the
whisper of Sophia
but dismissed it as myth,
and those who glimpsed the *Aeon in dream*
yet could not linger long enough to
awaken.
But for those who practiced not
escape, but *yielding—*
who made *stillness their sanctuary*
and *silence their teacher—*
the Light will not come as a stranger.

They will not recoil,
for they have known its touch
before—

in the *breaking of ego,*

in the *grace of unbidden forgiveness,*
in love that gave without seeking.

They have entered the Bridal Chamber of the heart.

For such as these, there is *no passage*,
no wandering through the **dominions of the Archons**,
no dreaming in the chambers of form.
They rise—not by effort,
but by the gravity of Grace—
into the Body of Truth,
the **Anthropos Unfallen**,
the *Formless One*,
Light of the higher Aeons,
Radiance without shadow.

This is no journey—
but the end of the illusion of travel.
The veil lifts,
the labyrinth dissolves,
and the soul, no longer seeking,
stands at the Vertical Gate—
where time folds inward,
and all that remains...
is Home in the Light of the Source.

The Weight of Gnosis – Knowing Who You Are (I AM)

When the Soul Forgets, a Voice Must Call It Back to the Pleroma

When the soul forgets its Origin,
a voice must rise to call it home.
Let it be one who once loved you in truth—
not with the bindings of the world,
but with the radiant clarity of gnosis.
Let it be one who whispered long ago:
*“This realm is not your dwelling,
but a shadow soon to be lifted.”*

If your Beloved Guide—
the one who held the Mirror of the Self before you—
can draw near in that hour,
let their voice become the bridge of remembrance.
*For in that voice echoes the Aeon
and breathes the fragrance of First Light.*

But if such a presence cannot come,
then let it be one who walks the hidden path—
a companion of stillness,
who knows the hush beneath becoming,
*who bears the Logos not as concept,
but as seed alive within the heart.*

And if even such a friend is far,
let it be one who has touched the sacred
texts
with reverence—
not merely read, but remembered.
Let them speak gently,
let the syllables fall like petals upon the living
waters.
*Call not to the ears of flesh,
but to the soul beyond the veil of form.*

For when the Word is spoken in Love,
even those sunk deep in forgetfulness,
even those wandering the dominions of the
Archons,
will stir.
The Light—long veiled in names,
long buried beneath fear—
*will rise again,
like Sophia returning from exile.*

And in that instant,
Liberation is not achieved,
nor earned—
but simply received,
like a wanderer who,
*upon hearing the Voice of Home,
realises they never truly left.*



2. Now Is the Hour You Prepared For—but Forgot

When the final breath softens—
thinning like mist at dawn—
the Gates open.
Not with thunder, but with a sacred hush.

It is not death that comes,
but the dissolving of separation.
The soul—freed from the rhythm of flesh—
*gathers herself like a traveller waking from exile,
rising from the dream of matter.*

In that still and hallowed pause,
the Light of the Pleroma dawns.
Not new, but ancient—
*the **First Light**,*
hidden beneath every memory,

every sigh,
every prayer rising from the Deep.

The body may tremble.
The Winds of Life—the breath of Aeons—
move through the inner currents,
drawing the soul toward the hour of Choice.

This is the moment you must be reminded—
not with fear,
but with Truth.

Let the one who loves you in gnosis speak—
not to your ears,
but to your remembering:

“O child of the Living Light,
O bearer of the Earthly Name,
this is the hour of your return.
You now stand before the ***Mirror of the Ineffable.***

The breath fades,
but what you are cannot die.
You will see the heavens within.
Do not grasp. Do not flee.

Simply remember.

The Truth once whispered by the Logos—
the Light without centre or circumference—
is now your dwelling.

Rest in it.

Be what you have always been.”

Speak it not once, but again and again—
like waves upon the shore of the soul.
Even if the breath lingers,
even if the eyes are closed—
speak.
Speak as one bearing a torch
for a friend crossing the shadows.

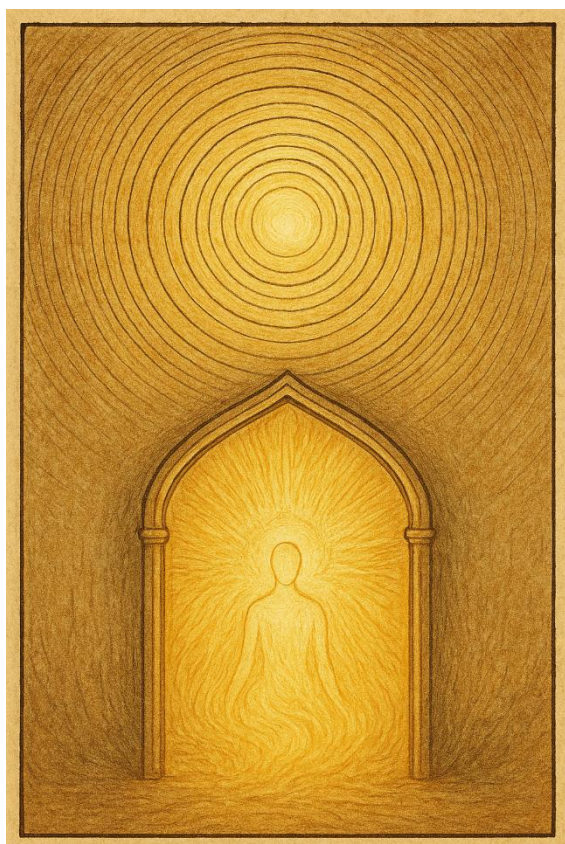
Lay them gently on the right side,
as the Lion of Light rests—noble, unafraid.
If the veil of sleep begins to fall,
call them back with love.
Touch the throat—not to hold,
but to guide the passage home.

*For there is a way through the Crown of Stars,
the opening above the head—
not the Brāhmanic Gate,
but the Pleromatic Ascent—
through which the soul may rise,
unbound by form or fate.*

This is the true **face-to-face**:
not student to teacher,
but soul to Source,
child to the Living One,
bride to the Beloved Aeon.

Say it again.
Not for the mind,
but for the spirit that listens—
just beyond the veil,
*where memory becomes Light,
and Light becomes Home.*

3. Absorbed Awareness: *The Contemplative Descent into the Divine Light*



In the sacred stream of Gnostic Christianity, *awakening is not wrought by belief alone*, but by **gnosis**—a living remembrance that surpasses the constructs of mind and matter. What Eastern paths call **Dhyāna**, the Gnostic knows as **Sacred Contemplation**: the still gaze of the **Pneuma**, where the soul turns inward and becomes absorbed in the *radiance of the Unbegotten Source*.

This is no mere reflection, nor an intellectual act. It is **absorbed awareness**—a luminous convergence where the divine spark (**Nous**) grows single-pointed, undistracted, and merges not with an object, but with the **Fullness (Pleroma)** itself. Here lies the bridal chamber of attention, where *fragmented thought dissolves*, and **awareness** stands *unveiled before the Infinite*.

Within the cosmology of *A Journey Without Distance*, this contemplative state resounds deeply. The text speaks not of *form-bound consciousness*, but of **pure awareness**—a *vibration born of the Logos*, preceding all perception. The soul's pilgrimage is an unbinding:

a movement *beyond the entanglements* of thought into *luminous stillness*. This is what the author names ***the Grandeur of Being***—not a place, but a ***condition of truth***.

Such contemplation, in Gnostic vision, mirrors the *inward ascent through the Aeons*, guided by ***Sophia's wisdom*** and the *whisper of the Logos*. It is no technique, but a ***soul-alchemy***—a purification by remembrance. As *the false self-melts away*, the *lens of awareness clears*, and the soul beholds the ***Eternal Now***—not as a seeker, but as *what it has always been*.

Eastern traditions speak of ***samādhi*** and ***nirvāṇa***; the Gnostic path ascends likewise—from the *shadows of the Demiurge's dominion*, through the *veils of the Archons*, into the Light of the Source. This is the *return to origin*, the ***restoration of harmony*** with the ***First Principle***.

Thus, ***Absorbed Awareness*** is both condition and movement—a *contemplative flowering* of the *inner Self*, from *exile to homecoming*, from *flicker to fullness*, from *image to essence*. It is ***the still threshold where the soul ceases to speak—***
for it has become the Song.

4. You Are Not Fading—You Are Arriving

A Reflection

There is a moment after the final breath has slipped away,
when all falls still—
not only the body,
but thought itself ceases its wandering.
Only silence remains.

Yet this is not the absence of awareness.
It is the ***Great Pause between worlds—***
the still interval between the echo of exile
and the call of Home.

The rivers of Light—those ancient currents the mystics named
the streams of the ***Pneuma—***
now gather in the central flame,
the Living Stream coursing through the soul's immortal core.

They say, "*You have fainted.*"
But no—
you have descended deeper than sleep.
You are cradled in the *Mind of the Unseen*,
resting in the *First Light—*
the clarity of the *Real*
before yearning begins its pull to remember itself again.

Some rest here only for a breath,
a blink within eternity's hush.

For others, the stillness stretches like a dawn
that never quite becomes day.
Not as punishment. Not as reward.
But by resonance—
by how deeply the soul has learned to be still,
how much Light it allowed itself to behold.

For those who practiced **Sacred Contemplation**—
what the Gnostics called the **Inward Gaze** or the **Bridal Silence**—
even for a single heartbeat,
this space is no stranger.
It is no void,
but a fullness without form—
the silent pleromatic chamber of the soul.
They may linger here,
not by longing,
but by remembrance.

But for those who clung to illusion,
whose nerves were frayed by the
false rulers of fear,
whose minds were tangled in
forgetfulness—
this instant passes like lightning.
They turn from the Light—
not in rebellion,
but by habit learned in the
shadow-world.

Yet even now—**do not fall silent.**
Let the Voice of the Logos be heard.
Speak the words—
again, and again, and again—
as long as the signs of departure
have not fully settled.
Speak until the tears of release flow,
*the **golden dew of parting,***
when the soul loosens its garment of
flesh.

Speak even if the eyes stay closed,
even if the limbs lie still.



The soul is not gone—
it is listening.
It is deciding.

This is the **Luminous Threshold**—
what the Gnostic vision calls
the Light of the First Heaven—
a gift given to all,
though remembered by few.

*Hold the Light steady.
For the soul has not yet chosen its path through the Aeons.
It hovers—
on the edge of memory,
at the veil between form and freedom.*

*And the one truth it most longs to hear is this:
It was never truly exiled.
It only dreamed it had left.*

5. The Ground of All Phenomena and Awareness: The Quantum Soup, the Pleromatic Essence of Being

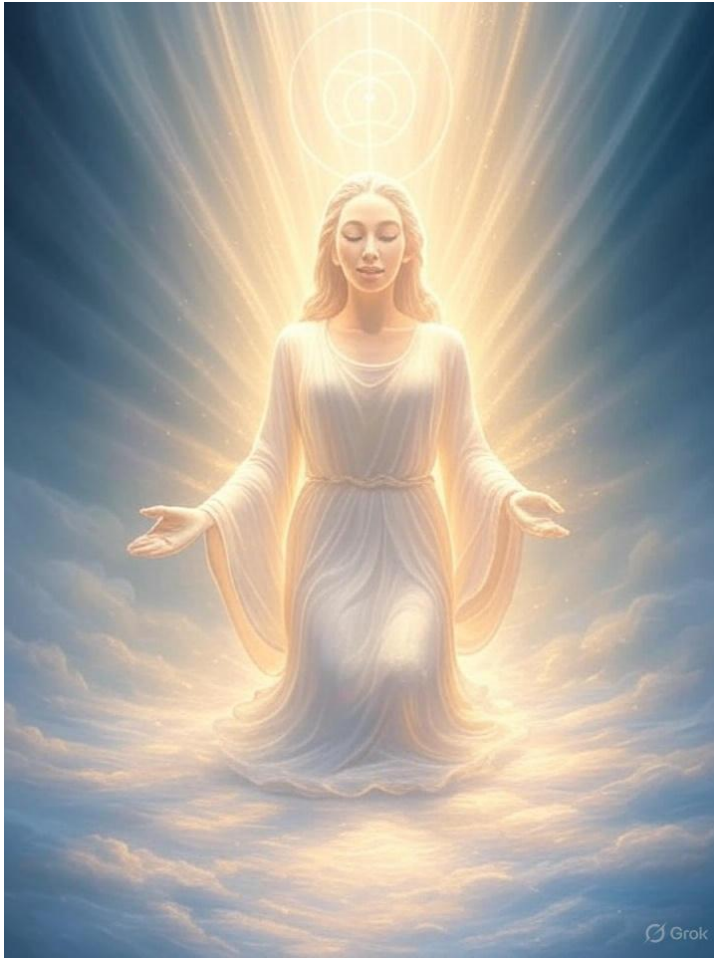
What the Mahāyāna tradition calls **Dharmakāya**, the Gnostic path knows as the **Fullness of the Source**—the Invisible, the Unnameable, the Radiant Light behind all appearances. It is not a body, nor any form the mind can picture, but the **unmanifest essence of the Divine**—
*beyond duality, beyond image,
beyond even the idea of “self.”*

*It is the **radiant field of Being-Itself**,
the silent Ground beneath all that seems to arise.
Not a creator in shape,
but the **Aeonic Presence**
from which the dream of form unfolds.*

To awaken to this is not to become something greater—
but to **remember what has never ceased to be.**
In Gnostic vision, it is the moment the soul recognizes:
It was never separate.
It was never lost.
*The chains were shadows.
The exile was a dream.*

This is the **Ground of Gnosis**—
the recognition that awareness is not personal,
not constructed, not earned—
*but the unchanging flame within the **Anthropos Unfallen**,*

the spark that never left
the bosom of the **First Mystery**.



In the vision offered by *Message in a Bottle*,
this truth resounds like a hidden
chord:
that the body is not the Self,
and death is not departure,
but the **dissolution of the false**,
leaving only what is Real.

Where the illusion of form falls
away,
and even the concept of "I"
dissolves,
there remains only the **Light of the
Aeons**—
silent, infinite, indivisible.
Not deity as "other,"
but **Divine Radiance as Origin**.

What the East calls Dharmakāya,
the Gnostic might name **the Silence
of the Pleroma**,
or **the Image of the Invisible
Father**—
that which cannot be spoken,

where name and knowing vanish,
and the soul rests in the Light before light,
the **I Am before all speech**.

It is not something to attain,
but something to uncover—
a truth veiled, not absent.
And in this unveiling,
we discover the secret of the Message in the Bottle:
It was never the message,
nor the bottle,
*but the **sea**.*

Meditative Reflection - Journey to the Light

Guided Practice

Preparation: Find a quiet space. Sit comfortably with your spine straight, hands resting on your lap. *Close your eyes and take three deep breaths, inhaling peace and exhaling tension.*

Step 1: Invocation of Presence

Begin by silently repeating:

"O Christos, Logos of Peace and Fire, O Sophia, Womb of Compassion, let Your gaze dissolve the Gloom of Forgetfulness."

Feel a gentle light awakening within your heart, a spark of your divine origin.

Step 2: Visualization of the Threshold

Imagine yourself standing at the edge of a vast, luminous forest under a twilight sky. Before you, a radiant portal glows, *framed by golden Aeonic light streams*. See your soul as a figure of light, hovering in stillness, drawn toward this threshold. *Notice the peace that fills you as you approach.*

Step 3: Remembrance

Recall a moment of love, wisdom, or clarity from your life. Let this memory rise like a flame within you. Whisper to yourself:

"I remember the Christ within. I choose the Light."

Feel this remembrance guiding you forward, dissolving fear or doubt.

Step 4: Ascent to the Pleroma

As you step toward the portal, the light streams envelop you. Visualize a circle within a circle—the *Pleroma nested in the Dharmakāya*—radiating warmth and unity. Allow yourself to rest in this sacred geometry, feeling your soul align with the eternal. *Stay here for a few breaths, absorbing the stillness.*

Step 5: Closing Affirmation

Gently return your awareness to your body. Offer this vow:

"Let me walk awake, carrying the Light, serving and awakening."

Open your eyes slowly, carrying this peace into your day.

Duration: 5-10 minutes. *Practice daily or beside one in transition.*

6. Now: Is the Hour to Remember What Was Never Forgotten

If the one departing can still see through the thinning veil,
if they have learned to recognize the signs of dissolution,
let them name them now—
not with fear, but with reverence:

*"The Earth within me yields to the **Waters of the Aeons.**"*
*"The Flame within me returns to the **Breath of the First Mystery.**"*
"The Form dissolves—but the Light remains."

And let them feel this—
not as the falling away of life,
*but as the **homecoming to the Fullness from which they came.***

But if they cannot—
if the river of Spirit is already carrying them swiftly between worlds—
then let a trusted voice be near:
a friend of gnosis,
a companion of Light,
*a soul who once walked beside them
in the holy hush of remembrance.*

This friend will not cry out,
but will speak as the stars speak—
softly, clearly,
with the resonance of the Logos:

*"Beloved one, the signs are upon you.
You are not failing—
you are dissolving into what is real."*

"You are not fading—
you are ***becoming what you always were.***"

And when the final signs of return appear—
when the elements begin to unweave their sacred architecture—
let them be called, by name if needed,
back to the clarity of soul:

***"O nobly-born,
this hour is sacred.
It is not your end,
but your crossing."***

*"Say now within yourself:
'This is my dissolution,
and I shall make of it a threshold—
not only for myself,
but for all who wander in forgetting.
Let my passing become a rising.
Let this body, fading into Light,
**become a vessel of plērōmatic compassion,
for all souls adrift in the shadow-world.'"***

If the *Light of the Unseen Creator opens*—
if even the hem of the Robes of the Ineffable is glimpsed—
then let them rest in it.

But even if not,
let the soul speak this vow:

“Even if I do not
awaken now,
still I will walk this
intermediate place
as one who
remembers.
Let me take a form,
any form,
that brings blessing.
Let me appear
wherever Love is
needed.

***I go not to escape,
but to serve.”***

Hold fast to this vow—
this golden thread—
for it will bind you to the Eternal Light.



And as you cross the veil,
bring with you, not fear,
but the shape of your deepest practice—
*a prayer,
a sacred Name,
a breath of still Presence.*

***For what you cultivated in life
now becomes the wings
by which you pass through death.***

7. Universal Virtue – The All-Pervading Goodness

It is the innate luminosity of the soul,
the radiant clarity that has never been stained by shadow—
not by karma, not by time, not by thought.
It is ***your original face***—
the face before birth, before form, before the first breath of becoming.

This is **awareness beyond consciousness**,
existence before existence—
the silent Presence prior to all opposites,
before the weaving of “I” and “other.”
It is the **Formless One**,
without attribute, without boundary,
the unbroken Stillness that underlies all things.

In the **Vision** offered by **Message in a Bottle**,
it is the sea behind the message,
the vastness into which all bottles return—
the silent depth where meaning is born,
and where, at last, all journeys end in Light

8. The Formless Radiance of the Unbegotten One

It is the **innate brilliance of the soul**—
untouched by the veils of the Archons,
un-shadowed by the illusion of separation.

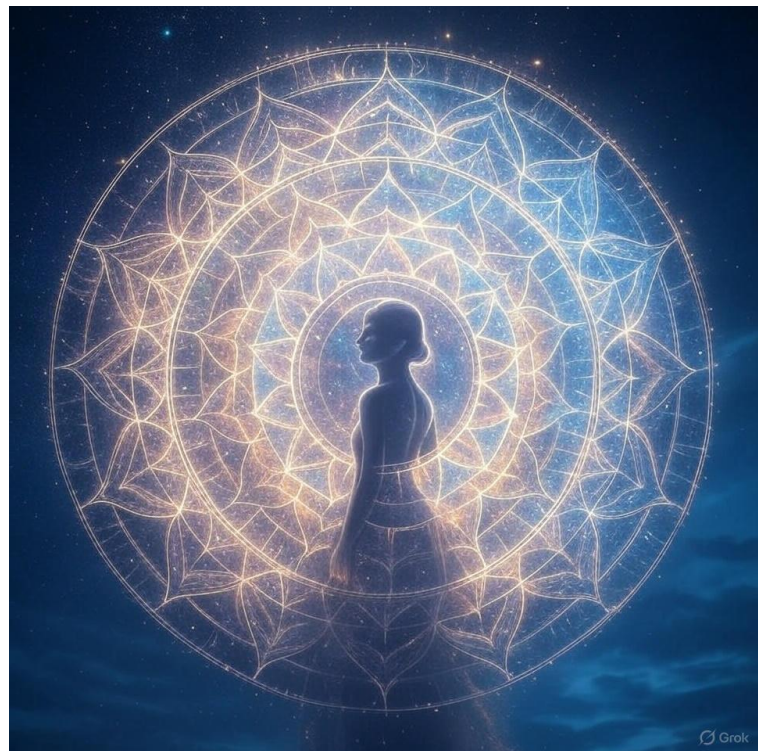
It is your **Original Image**—
the face you bore before the world was made,
before time cast its first shadow,
before thought fractured wholeness into opposites.

This is not consciousness as the
world defines it,
but **awareness before
consciousness**—
a seeing beyond mind,
beyond name,
*beyond the garments of flesh
and form.*

It is **pre-form existence**,
the eternal memory of the soul
in its true estate—
unfallen, unfragmented,
*resting in the **Stillness of the
Source.***

It is the **Formless One**—
pure, unconditioned Light,
neither male nor female,
neither self nor other,

neither rising nor setting—
but the infinite presence in which all rising and setting occurs.



In the vision of ***Message in a Bottle***,
it is the silence before speech,
the Voice behind all words,
the radiant Presence from which all things arise
and to which all things return.

It is the ***Sea of the Creator's Fullness***,
into which every bottle—
every life, every form, every echo—
is finally surrendered.
Not as a loss,
*but as a **completion**.*

*This is the **All-Pervading Goodness**,*
*the **Universal Virtue of the Unseen Being**,*
whose light fills all things
even when forgotten.

To awaken to this
is not to become something new,
but to remember what was never absent—
to lift the veil
and behold the Image
that has always been.

9. Now Is the Moment to Remember What You Are

An Invocation at the Threshold of Light

Let the voice draw near—
not loud, but intimate,
like a flame speaking in the hush of night.
Let the breath of the words touch the ear
as a soft wind stirs the veil of the sanctuary.

For even now—though the breath has ceased—
the soul is listening.
It hears not with the ear of flesh,
but with the heart that never forgot.

Let the guide—
whether teacher, beloved, or companion of Light—
speak gently,
speak clearly,
with the quiet authority of love born of remembrance:

“O beloved one,
you stand now in the **Presence of the Radiance of the Unseen Creator.**
It is not beyond you.
It is not new.

*It is the **essence of your being—
formless, luminous, still, and eternal.***”

“The mind you once called your own,
now stripped of its garments and names,
is revealing its true face:
*the **Image of the Invisible,**
the **Anthropos Unfallen.***”

“This is not a void of absence,
but the Fullness without boundary—
the place where form ends and freedom begins.

***It is joy.
It is rest.
It is Light unbroken.***”

“This Radiance before you,
this silent and blissful knowing,
*is what the wise called the **All-Good,**
the **First Mystery,**
the **Ground of all Light.***”

“Your awareness and this Light are not two.
There is no separation,
no birth and no death.
***Only the shining clarity of Being—
and it is you.***”

Speak this three times.
Or seven.
*Let the rhythm of truth echo like a bell in the soul,
a tone awakening what has always known.*

For if the one departing hears—
not with the ear,
*but with the deep remembering of spirit—
they will awaken.*

The Light will not frighten them.
They will know it as themselves—
the Self they were before time,
***before exile,
before name.***

And if they remember,
there will be no more seeking.
No more becoming.

Only union.

Only return.

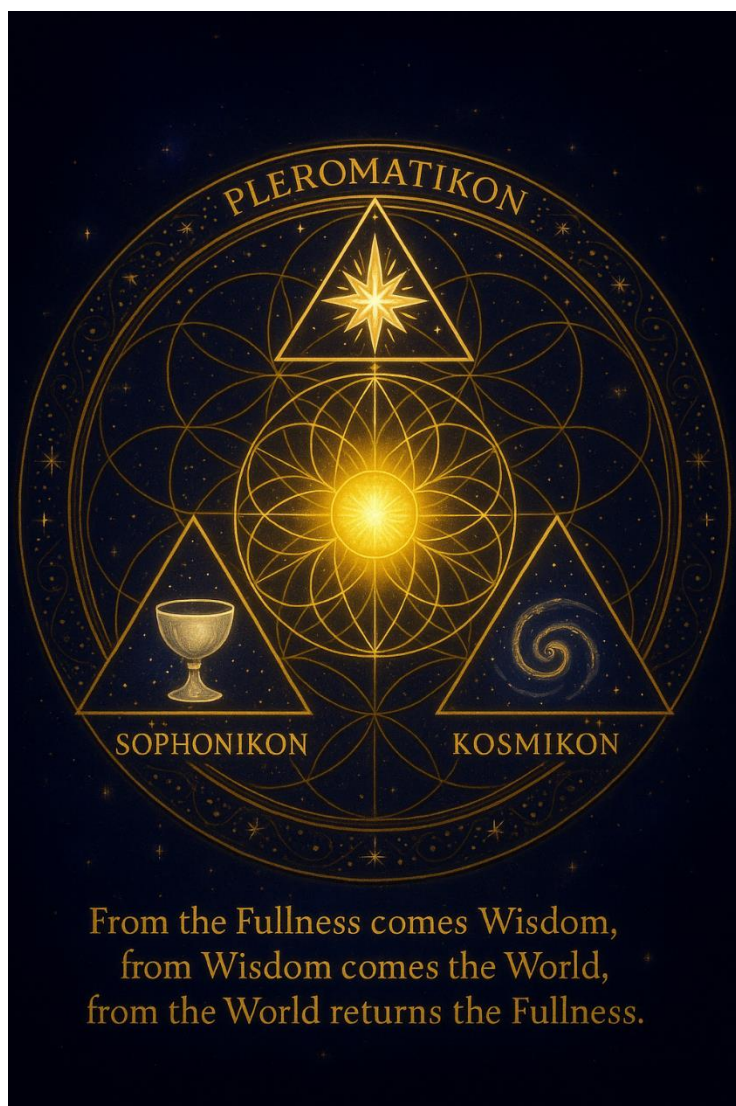
Only the Real—

***the embrace of the Pleroma,
the Home that was never left.***

The Soul's Experience of Bardo

The Tibetan Book of the Dead describes the postmortem journey in two distinct ways: first, as four phases of experience, and second, as seven times seven cycles, amounting to forty-nine days as the experience of the fourth phase or spiral of becoming. The reference to days within a timeless reality is, I believe, intended for the benefit of the materially minded. I will now proceed to explain both perspectives.

BARDO: Phases of Experience



Phase One: *Passage Through the Secondary Light of Awareness*

As received in the Luminous Interval, immediately following the soul's release from the veil of flesh

If the soul has recognized the **First Light**—
the primal Radiance of the Unseen Father,
which greets the liberated spark
upon release from the world of shadows—
then freedom is assured.

***The chain is broken.
The return has begun.***

But if recognition was veiled—
as it often is when *identity clings too tightly*
to the garment of form—
then what follows is the dawning
of the **Secondary Light**.

This Light does not descend from beyond.

It rises from within—

an echo of the First Thought,

the Logos refracted through the soul's long pilgrimage in time.

It may come as a hush,

like moonlight through the lattice of memory—

*lasting a breath,
or stretching like an unmeasured aeon.*

Here, in the stillness between realms,
the soul—newly disrobed of its image of flesh—may hesitate.

It will ask:

***“Am I still who I was,
or something else entirely?”***

It may behold familiar forms—
faces once loved, feared, or clung to—
and hear their voices as though from behind a shimmering veil.
*But these are shadows of memory,
reflections upon the water.*

The currents of the Archons have not yet begun to stir.

***The Lords of the Abyss, the Mirrors of Regret,
have not yet taken their stations.***

During this fragile stillness, speak thus to the one crossing:

“O Child of Light,
the form you bore has melted like mist beneath the Sun of Truth.
You now stand as Essence—clear, luminous, and eternal.
If you have been prepared—by practice or by gnosis—
*turn your gaze to the **First Light of the Pleroma.***

If that Light is veiled from you,
anchor now in the **Pattern of Being—**
the Divine Blueprint written in the stillness of your soul.

If you walked the Way of the Integrated One,
call upon the **Name-within-the-Name,**
and let it guide you like a *golden thread across the Threshold.*

If you followed the Path of the **Inner Image,**
invoke now your *celestial Aeon—*
the Teacher of Light,
the Face of Compassion,
the Archetype of Wholeness.

See them not as idols,
but as reflections in the pure waters of remembrance—
real, yet beyond grasp.

Fix your seeing upon your guide
or upon the Voice that has always called you Home.”

But if the soul was not trained in such focus—
if it wandered in life without preparing for this holy hour—
speak with gentle command:

*“Remember the **Great Field of Mercy.**
It surrounds you now.
Rest in it.
Meditate not on the body you left behind,
but on the Light that knew you before time began.*

You are not the thought.
You are not the hunger.
You are not the fear.
*You are the Radiance that sees the thought,
the **Presence** that **listens**,
the **Awareness** that endures beyond all veils.”*

For even those who walked without preparation,
if set *face-to-face with the Light of the Aeons*,
may yet awaken.
*And those who were taught in life,
but did not root the knowing deeply,
may still remember—
**if this sacred orientation is spoken to them
again and again.***

Let the guide—reader, attendant, beloved—
speak not with haste,
but with the steadiness of a lamp in the wind.
For the soul is easily scattered at the Threshold.

Yet know this:
*even a **single instant of true remembrance**
can liberate lifetimes.*

Phase Two: The Luminous Soul-Body and the Meeting of the Realities

Orientation at the Threshold of the Second Gate

At this sacred crossing, a brother or sister in the Way of Light must step forward—
not with fear, *but with the authority of remembrance.*

Whether a Sealed Initiate or a humble companion of the Mystery,
one must speak now with clarity and tenderness.
For even those who once walked in gnosis,

who studied the *Sacred Song in life*,
may falter when the shadow of forgetting begins to descend.

There are souls who once knew,
yet now tremble—
shaken by the violence of separation,
pierced by the sorrow that divided spirit from flesh.
Their inner sight flickers.

***They may cling to echoes—unfulfilled vows, broken covenants,
tasks left undone in the realm of form.***

To, such as these, this orientation is not merely helpful—
it is vital.

Speak to them not as strangers,
but as travellers adrift in the Cloud of the World.
Say:

“Beloved, remember:
You are not the vessel that shattered.
You are not the promise undone.
You are not the affliction that overtook the form.

***You are the flame hidden in the lamp.
You are the Word before the vow.
You are the Light untouched by any shadow.”***

If the First Gate—the Portal of the Primordial Light of the Pleroma—
was entered with recognition, then the Way ahead is already clear.
But if that Radiance was missed, do not fear.
*The soul still stands within the reach of the **Great Return**.*

The Dawning of the Luminous Garment

Here, at the Second Gate, the **Luminous Garment** begins to appear.
This is not the body of earth,
but a body of resonance and memory—
*woven from intent, remembrance,
and desire purified by Light.*

The soul stands lucid—but uncertain.
It asks:
*“Am I departed?
Or only dreaming?”*

It drifts near what is familiar—
the house once called home,

the voices of beloveds,
the echo of unfinished songs.
But it cannot touch them.
And they cannot see.

This is the dawning of the **Mirror Phase**.
The inner Light—what the Gnostic Songs name the **Mother-Fount**, the **Womb of the Aeons**—
rises to meet the Outward Echo,
the Image-World shaped by the soul's past intentions.

If these two—***Essence and Reflection***—can be held in stillness,
the ***Egoic-Archonic Residue*** dissolves.
No echo of thought can bind,
no residue of desire can take form
once True Recognition occurs.

Say gently, but firmly:

*“Do not follow the pull of habit.
Do not chase shadows.
**Turn inward—toward the Centre of Centres,
the Name before Names.”***

For the illusions of separation—the ***coloured winds of the Archons***—
have not yet coalesced.
This is the moment before distortion,
before the soul begins to weave thresholds born of past confusion.
*It is here that the Light of the Path may break through
like dawn dissolving mist.*

*If the soul remains steady in this Radiance,
even for a single beat of eternity,
liberation is possible.*

Let the guide speak clearly now:

*“This body is not flesh, but song.
It is luminous, subtle, and free.
**You are the Knower—not the known.
Move not toward sensation—
but toward Awareness Itself.”***

The Luminous Threshold (Gnostic Chönyid)

In the sacred passage through death and rebirth,
what the Tibetan tradition calls ***Chönyid Bardo***—
the *Bardo of the Experiencing of Reality*—
is known in Gnostic vision as ***The Luminous Threshold:***
the unveiling of Reality as it is,
free from distortion,
unfiltered by form,
untouched by time.

It occurs after the initial release from the body,
following the moment when the First Light of the Pleroma—
the unconditioned brilliance of the Unseen Creator—
is revealed in purity.

And it comes before the soul enters the realms of rebirth,
or becomes entangled once more
in the Cycle of Egoic-Archonic Wandering.

At this Threshold, the soul beholds a radiant unfolding—
manifestations not of outer gods or distant powers,
but of its own Divine Mind.

Here appear the archetypal images—
some serene, some fierce—
reflections of the ***Anthropos within***,
projected as light, sound, colour, and presence.

These luminous forms are not separate deities,
but symbols of the soul's essence—
projections from the Image of the Invisible,
*drawn from the **deep well of the First Thought (Protennoia)**,*
encoded in the soul before incarnation.

The Testing Ground of Recognition

If the soul, now freed of its earthly garment,
recognizes these visions not as threats or idols,
but as the play of its own divine awareness,
then it may rest in the Knowing
and ascend—unhindered—into the Pleroma,
the Realm of Fullness and Return.

But if the soul is unprepared—
if fear takes hold, or the illusions of duality return—
then the images become distorted.
Terror, confusion, or longing may rise,

*and the soul, grasping at phantoms or fleeing from its own Light,
may fall once more into the patterns of incarnation,
drawn back into the lower Aeons of form and forgetting.*

Summary

The **Gnostic Chönyid—the Luminous Threshold—**
is both a revelation and a trial.
It unveils the soul's radiant and symbolic purity
and offers a passage out of the Cycle of Form.

If the soul recognizes the visions as its own projection—
as the echo of the First Word speaking within—
then it may enter the Bridal Chamber of the Pleroma
and remember that it was never truly exiled.

But if the soul turns from the Light,
mistaking it for Other,
then the journey continues—
**not as punishment,
but as further preparation
for the Return to Remembrance.**

The Third Phase: The Chamber of Reflections

Teachings for the Soul Crossing the Bardo of Experiencing Reality

Even if the **First Light** was missed,
and the **Second Light** not fully entered,
fear not—for now dawns the **Third Chamber**,
the **Passage of Reflections**.

In this Bardo, the soul encounters
not the Real,
but **its own dream of the Real**.

This is the Phase of **Chönyid**—
what the Gnostic Songs name **the Great Mirror of Consciousness**,
where the *radiant and the terrifying arise alike*—
not from any outer god,
but from the light and shadow within the soul itself.

O Traveller Between Worlds, Hear These Words

Do not look away.
For in this stage, what you see will appear *Other*—
but it is you.

You may behold:

- Your body stripped of its garments,
- The earth swept clean of your presence,
- Offerings made in memory of what you once were.

You will see the grief of others
and long to touch them—
but they cannot feel you.
You may call out—
but no echo will return.

The pain of separation becomes your teacher now.

And then, the soul will be struck by a ***cascade of visions***:
Lights that do not shine from any star.
Sounds that are not born from any mouth.
Rays that pierce deeper than any sword.

These are the ***Songs of your own mind—unfiltered.***
They shimmer in beauty,
or roar with wrath,
depending on how much love or fear
you stored within them.

This is the Mirror.
This is the Trial.
This is the Gate.

The Invocation to the Soul

Call now the one who journeys—
not by their earthly name,
but by the ***Name written within the Soul.***

Speak with gentleness and power:

“O Child of Light,
do not fear.
You have entered the ***Station of Reflections***—
the place where the soul beholds its own echoes,

not through judgment,
but through the ***Living Mirror of the Aeons***.

Here there is no condemning god,
no throne of wrath.
What you encounter now
***are your own emanations—
the forms and frequencies you shaped
in life, in thought, in desire, in forgetting.***

Every being—wrathful or serene,
luminous or shadowed—
every voice, every symbol,
every storm of vision—
***they are not foreign powers.
They are aspects of you.***

You are not being punished.
You are being shown.

These are not enemies to fight,
but faces to recognize.

Even the terrifying forms
are not beasts of damnation—
***they are masks of unloved selves,
fragments long exiled, now returned
not to destroy,
but to be redeemed.”***

The Six Chambers of Passage

Understand now, O Soul,
the nature of the Six Chambers
through which every soul must walk:

1. **The Chamber of Origin** (*the Womb of Descent*)
2. **The Chamber of Dreaming** (*Embodied Illusion*)
3. **The Chamber of Stillness** (*Contemplative Union*)
4. **The Chamber of Departure** (*The Dismantling of Flesh*)
5. **The Chamber of Reflections** (*The Mirror of the Aeons*)
6. **The Chamber of Becoming** (*The Reconstitution of Form*)

You have crossed the Gate of Departure.
You now walk within the ***Mirror of Reflections***.
Beyond lies the ***Threshold of Becoming—***

*where form reassembles,
and intention becomes path.*



Mind's own projection.

All beings, wrathful or peaceful,
are patterns of my own divine image.
*May I pass through them not as a stranger,
but as source and sender.*

When the Gate opens,
may I rise—
***not into reaction,
but into Radiance.***

*Let these words be spoken with love,
with firm clarity.*

For if the soul awakens in this Chamber,
it may ascend beyond all lesser realms,
and return toward the ***Pleroma,***

The Core Remembrance of the Gnostic Path

Hold fast.
Do not flee from what appears.
These are not gods or demons.
*They are frequencies summoned by your
own field of being,*
***projected onto the screen of this
luminous threshold.***

They cannot harm you.
***But they may bind you—
if you mistake them for what they are not.***

Speak now, or let one read with clarity and
force:

“Now, as the Mirror of the Aeons opens,
May I not fall into fear or forgetfulness.
May I remember that all I see is

*the Light above the Archons,
the Fullness of the Unseen Creator.*

But if the soul misinterprets these forms,
taking them for *external powers*,
and flees in terror,
it will be drawn into denser vibrations—
into the next turning of the spiral,
what the Songs of the Gnostics call
The Spiral of Binding Light,
or the Chamber of Becoming.

Yet even there, the Light endures.
***The path of Return is never closed—
only delayed.***

The Fourth Phase: The Spiral of Binding Light

Teachings for the Soul Entering the Chamber of Becoming

Let these words be spoken again—
clear, resonant, unwavering.

For if the soul, standing in the ***Mirror of the Aeons***,
recognizes *vision as Vision*,
and does not flinch from the radiance
of its own emanations—
then it may ascend:
unbound by the lower spheres,
untouched by the rhythm of recurrence,
rising upward into the ***Fullness***,
into the ***Pleroma of the Unseen Creator.***

But if the soul recoils—
mistaking its thought-forms for gods,
or its emotions for divine command—
then it begins to descend.
Slowly.
Gently.
Irresistibly.

This Is the Spiral of Binding Light

This is Becoming.
This is the phase the ***Songs of the Mystery*** call
The Entanglement of Echoes—

where resonance becomes matter,
and thought becomes weight.

Here, the soul is not punished,
but magnetized—
*drawn downward by the gravity
of its own unresolved chords,
its **Egoic-Aeonic Residue**,
its clinging to the illusions it once authored.*

It does not fall into hell,
but into **echo**.
Not into judgment,
but into **density**.

The Verses of Remembrance

Speak now, O Child of Radiance—
not as incantation,
but as ***truth burning within the Heart of Light***:

***“What I see is of me.
What I fear is of me.
What I love is of me.
What I meet is myself.”***

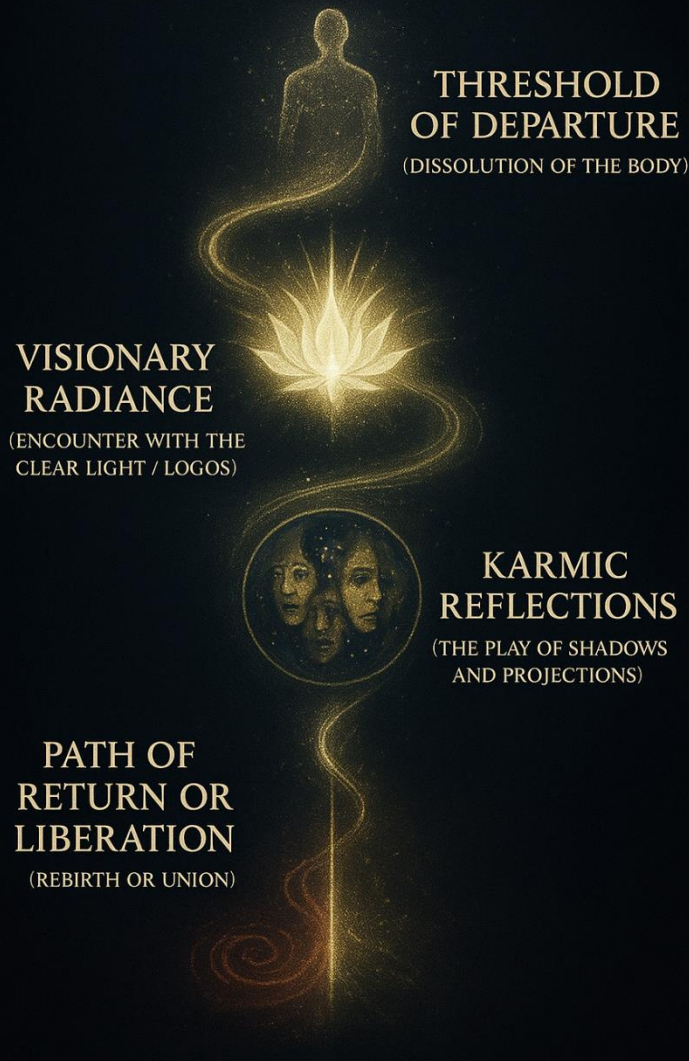
If these lines are spoken
with the full weight of awareness—
if the soul **knows** as it speaks—
then even now, it may turn.
It may reorient toward the **Centre of Centres**,
*and rise like a flame
through the Veils of the Egoic-Archons.*

But if not—
if the Light still overwhelms,
if the Voices still bind,
if the Rays still burn—
then the descent begins in earnest.

Yet Take Heart

Even here, the ***Path of Return*** is not closed.
Only delayed.
The First Mystery watches still.

THE FOUR PHASES OF THE BARDO



O Soul Between Worlds, Listen Well: The Gnosis That Sets You Free

O Soul who stands between
the worlds,
listen now—
with the hearing that lies
beyond the ear.

*When your body dissolved
and the mind unravelled,
you were shown the
Truth—
not in words,
but in vibration:
clear, subtle,
shimmering like dawn upon
still waters—
not flowing through time,
but pulsing in the eternal
frequency of Being.*

Do not fear this, *Radiance*.
It is you.
That wave of brilliance,
that luminous tide—
is the face of your immortal
nature.
It is the Image of the

***Unseen Father
reflected in your own essence.
Recognize it.***

And when the Sound comes—
glorious, fierce,
like a thousand thunders—
do not recoil.
It is not outside you.
It is the Voice of the One-Self,
the First Thought (*Protennoia*),
singing through the lattice of stars.
***It is the Song of your Eternal Name,
echoing from the Aeons that shaped you.***

Do not flee your own resonance.
Do not call the wave a storm.
Do not name the Voice “other.”

Now you dwell within what the Mystics of Light call
the ***Subtle Garment of Memory***—
the Thought-Form Body,
neither flesh nor bone,
but woven of vibration and remembrance.

Here hums the library of your soul:
every desire, every fear,
every unfinished longing,
every name you wore—
inscribed in the chords of your being.

Sounds may arise—
melodic, dissonant, strange.
Lights may blaze—
crimson, violet, white-gold.
Rays may pierce through all appearances,
even memory itself.

But hear this, O Radiant One:
None of them can harm you.
You are not flesh.
You are not dying.
You are beyond the reach of affliction.

What you see are your own resonances.
What you fear are your own echoes.
What binds you is your own rhythm.
***And what frees you—
is recognition.***

O Noble One,
if you fail to recognize your own emanations,
if you mistake your divine reflections for foreign powers,
then even the highest devotions,
***even the purest disciplines,
will not protect you from the illusion of otherness.***

Without this knowing,
the Lights will seem alien.
*The Voices of the Aeons will appear to chase you.
The Rays of the Pleroma will feel as wounds.
And so—you will turn away.*

And in the turning, you will descend.

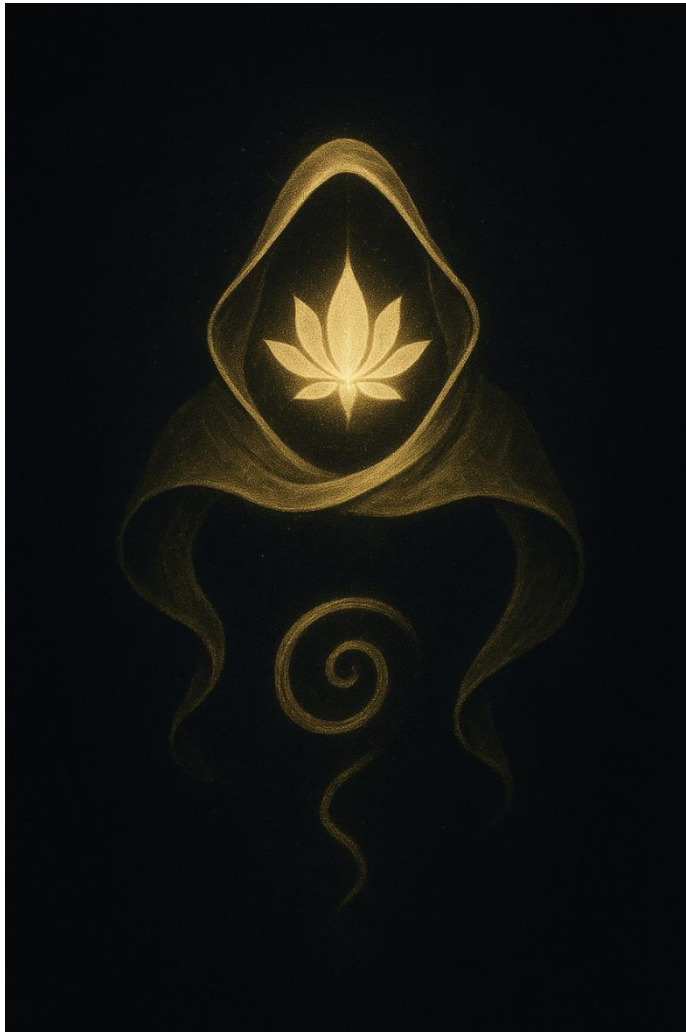
***You will fall into a world
shaped by your last mistaken thought,
your final misrecognition.***

You will wander—

not cast out,

but re-formed

in the ***Spiral of Becoming.***



Radiance—within me
Memory—clothes me
Spiral—carries me

(repeat 9 times, letting the voice soften into a whisper, then silence)

Closing Affirmation (once, clearly)

*I am gathered into **Light.***

*I am clothed in **Memory.***

Ritual of the Threefold Passage

Preparation

- Light a single candle (symbol of Radiance).
- Place a garment, scarf, or cloth over your shoulders (symbol of Memory).
- Trace a spiral on the ground or in the air with your hand (symbol of Becoming).

Invocation (spoken slowly, three times)

I stand at the threshold of Light.

*I remember what was, I welcome
what shall be.*

I walk the spiral of Becoming.

Chant (to be repeated rhythmically, almost breath-like)

*I am carried by the **Spiral**.
So the journey unfolds.*

First Recognition: The Image of the First Mystery

In the sacred vision of the Gnostics,
what the Eastern sages name **Vairochana**,
the Children of Light known as **the Emanation of the First Mystery**—
a radiant figure symbolizing the *unmanifest brilliance of the Unseen Father*.

He is not a deity in the sense of form,
but the personification of **Pure Presence**—
the silent flame of the Father's Thought,
free of image, yet **pregnant with infinite meaning**.

He stands at the heart of the **Pleroma**
as the **Pleromatic Core**,
the *Truth-Body of Divine Being*,
what the mystics called
the Light of the Aeons, the Still Flame behind all appearances.

Here begins the **Threefold Manifestation of the Divine**:

- **Pleromatikon** – *The Truth-Body*: formless, infinite, the Fullness beyond name or image.
- **Sophonikon** – *The Body of Delight*: the Celestial Archetype—the Logos, the Aeonic Choir, the Bridal Chamber of Union.
- **Kosmikon** – *The Body of Manifestation*: the visible embodiments—Anthropos, Messengers, and Teachers clothed in flesh.

This luminous figure embodies not personality, but **Principle**
*the awareness that turns ignorance into gnosis,
division into remembrance,
death into the threshold of eternal life*.

He appears with **the Immovable One** (Aksobhya's likeness),
with the Hosts of the Aeons,
and with the Retinues of Light—
those intelligences who uphold the Unity of the Whole.

And know this, O Traveller:
if, upon death, the soul beholds this Radiance
and does not mistake it for "other,"
but recognizes it as the mirror of its own primordial awareness—

liberation is immediate.
The cycle of recurrence shatters.
The Veils of the Archons fall away.
The soul returns to its Source in the Fullness.

For He is not worshipped as an idol,
but venerated as the ***Centre of the Living Mandala***—
the hub of all Aeonic orders,
the still point in the spiral of Light,
the Witness of the One-Self.

He is the Ground of All Radiance,
the Wisdom of Suchness,
the Awareness behind all awareness.

To behold Him—
is to remember there was never exile,
only forgetting.

To awaken in Him—
is to become again
what you always were.

Second Recognition: The Cycle of Aeonic Wandering

A Reflection on the Soul's Descent and the Invitation to Remembrance

What the ancient Eastern traditions name **Samsāra**, the Gnostics understand as the ***Cycle of Aeonic Wandering***—the soul's passage through birth, death, and re-formation, governed not by divine wrath but by ***ignorance, illusion, and the echo of unredeemed thought.***

It is the state of existence ***conditioned by the Lower Aeons,***
where soul is bound in forgetfulness—
entangled in the echoes of its own egoic-projections,
mistaking the illusion of separation for the truth of being.

To be caught in this cycle is not to be condemned—
but to be unaware.

To move from form to form, identity to identity,
believing oneself to be what is seen, felt, or remembered,
*rather than what is **eternal and indivisible.***

To awaken, in the Gnostic sense,
*is to **see that the cycle was never binding,***
that the chain was forged of dream-stuff,

and that the door to freedom was never locked—
only forgotten.

Role in the Stations of Passage (Bardo Thödol)

In the First Station of ***Experiencing Reality as It Is***—
what the Ancient Songs name ***the Mirror of the Aeons***—
the soul beholds the radiant unveiling of its own Divine Origin.

At the centre of this revelation appears ***a Being of Pure Light***,
the Gnostic counterpart to ***Vairochana***—
not a deity to worship,
but the *emanation of the Unseen Creator*,
the ***Still Flame of the First Mystery***,
pouring forth white brilliance from the heart of the Pleroma.

This Radiant One does not appear alone,
but is encircled by ***Aeonic Hosts***—
Messengers of Light, Archetypes of Wholeness,
living mirrors of the integrated soul.

If the soul ***recognizes this Light***—
not as “other,” but as the clear reflection of its own *pre-existent nature*—
liberation is immediate.
The ascent begins;
the soul returns to the Fullness it never truly left.

*But if the Light is feared,
if its brilliance is mistaken for judgment,
if the Voice of the One-Self is heard as foreign—
then the soul recoils.*

And in recoiling, it descends once more—
drawn into the ***Cycle of Aeonic Wandering***,
falling into denser fields of perception,
into worlds woven of its last unrecognized fear.

To awaken is not to escape reality,
but to see that the chains were woven of light misunderstood.
The Light calls—
not to condemn,
but to gather the soul back into its original resonance.

Let the Guide speak softly, yet with the tone of eternity:
“You are not lost.
You are remembering.

*And even now,
the Light within you knows the Way Home.”*

Third Recognition: The Field of Divine Fullness

In the Gnostic vision, what the *Mahāyāna* tradition calls ***Dharmadhātu*** is named ***the Field of the Pleroma***—
the infinite, luminous Ground of all Being.

It is not a place in space,
nor a moment in time,
but the ***dimensionless Radiance***
*from which all things arise
and to which all return.*

Science, peering through another lens, calls it ***the quantum vacuum***—
yet even that is but a shadow
of the Mystery, it seeks to name.

This Field is the unborn essence of reality:
untainted by concept, identity, or division—
*the place where every illusion of self and other,
samsāra and nirvāṇa,
dissolves into the clarity of One Presence.*

It is the *womb of the Aeons*,
where movement and stillness vanish into a single awareness—
silent, boundless, whole.

The Gnostic Songs have named it:

- ***The Silence of the Unseen Father***
- ***The Thought of the Invisible One***
- ***The Pleromatic Sea***
- ***The Groundless Ground of Pre-existent Light***

*This is not emptiness as void,
but emptiness as luminous potential—
the holding of all without becoming any one thing.*

Fourth Recognition: The Field and the Threefold Manifestation (Trikāya)

This Field of Fullness interweaves with the Threefold Manifestation of Divine Being:

- ***Pleromatikon*** – the Truth Essence: the invisible fullness, equivalent to Dharmakāya—radiant awareness beyond all form.
- ***Sophonikon*** – the Image Body: the archetypal harmony of the Logos and Aeons, the celestial blueprint of joy.
- ***Kosmikon*** – the Emanation Body: the temporal projection into time and space—teachers, messengers, avatars.

The Field is the source and the support of all three—
yet remains unborn, unbound, untouched by appearance.

To dwell in this Field
is to abide in unobscured gnosis—
to see not with the eyes,
but with the Awareness that beholds Light Itself.

Here judgment ends.
Duality dissolves.
*The soul rests in what **has always been.***

To awaken to this Field
is to return to ***the Beginning that never began,***
to the ***First Mystery,***
to the ***Heart of the Unseen One—***
where perception and truth are no longer two,
and the soul knows itself as Whole.

The Sophonikon

The Body of Radiant Communion and Divine Delight

In the Gnostic Christian vision, what the Eastern tradition names ***Sambhogakāya*** corresponds to the ***Sophonikon***—
the luminous body through which the Divine communes with awakened souls
in realms beyond time.

*Often called **the Body of Bliss, or the Body of Radiant Communion,***
it is the living interface between formless Light and embodied radiance—
not material, yet clothed in symbolic splendour;
not flesh, yet richly embodied in vision, vibration, and presence.

The Nature of the Sophonikon

The Sophonikon cannot be seen by the earthly eye.

*It unveils itself only to those who have pierced the veil of the Archons—
to adepts, saints, and soul-travellers dwelling in the stillness of divine remembrance.*

It becomes visible in:

- **Lucid states of contemplative union,**
- **The soul's post-death journey through the Aeonic Realms,**
- **Visions of the Aeons and Light-Beings** who dwell in the Pure Realms of the Upper Aeons.

It is called in the Songs of the Gnostics:

**the Fields of Living Light,
the Aeonic Sanctuaries,
the Mansions of Sophia.**

This body radiates perfect form—
not of matter, but of meaning—
crowned with Light,
clothed in truth,

garlanded in the splendour of aeonic beauty.

It speaks not through syllables,
but through **presence, frequency, and inner knowing.**
*Its language is Light remembered,
its voice the vibration of the First Thought (Protennoia),
its song the Hymn of the Bridal Chamber.*

The Visionary Dimension

The Sophonikon discloses itself:

- **In deep stillness and sacred absorption,**
- **At threshold moments of passage**—especially in the **Chamber of Reflections (Chönyid)**, when luminous or wrathful forms arise from the soul's own resonance,
- **In mystical encounters with beings of Light**—the Aeons, Archangelic Teachers, or Sophia herself, veiled in radiance.

It is not revealed to the distracted,
*but to the one who has turned wholly inward—
whose eye is single,
whose heart is clear.*

The Body of Radiant Communion

The Sophonikon is more refined than the **Pleromatikon (Truth Body)**,
yet more luminous than the **Kosmikon (Body of Incarnation)**.

- Where the **Pleromatikon** is like the open sky—formless, space-like, silent,
- The **Sophonikon** is jewel-like—
a constellation of beauty, wisdom, and compassionate power.

Here, **Light becomes language.**
Here, **Presence takes shape without weight.**
Here, **Stillness sings.**

Through this Body, the soul learns without doctrine,
knowing without thought—
a gnosis that blooms as direct recognition:
what is seen is the seer.

This is the Body of Bliss,
the ***Song-form of Sophia***,
the radiant bridge between ***silence and splendour,***
formlessness and joy,
Being and the Gnostic.

The Experience of Bardo: Fourth Phase as Spoken in Seven Cycles of Seven - as Forty-Nine Days

Thus begins the journey—
not in the measure of clocks,
but in the rhythm of soul-turning.
For in the shadow-world, time is illusion.
What is named “days” is but a symbol,
a grace of language for those who believed in hours.

The First Day: The Dawning of the Peaceful Ones

From the Radiant Archives of the Forty-Nine Spiral Days of Becoming

O **Child of the Luminous Origin**,
you have crossed the Threshold of the Fourth Phase.
The Spiral of Becoming now opens before you—
forty-nine turnings of the soul,
seven spirals of seven living rays—
each a Gate of Light,
each a Trial of Recognition.

In these first seven days,
the Peaceful Ones draw near.
They are not strangers.
They are ***forgotten mirrors of your original wholeness—***
faces of your own eternal image,
clothed in radiance, crowned with stillness.

They do not come to judge,
nor to bind,
but to ***remind you of what you are.***
They speak not in words,
but in Light and Tone—
waves of remembrance cascading through your soul.

If you recognize them,
the veil of exile will fall away,
and the Spiral will become ascent, not descent.
But if you turn from them in fear,
mistaking beauty for threat,
then the path bends downward,
and the Wheel turns again.

The Dawning of the White Lion

The Aeon of the Logos and the Blue Flame of First Knowing

O Soul of the Living Light,
you have lingered in the holy stillness,
suspended in the Cloister of the Between
The body lies silent in the dust,
yet your Essence stirs, like wind before dawn.

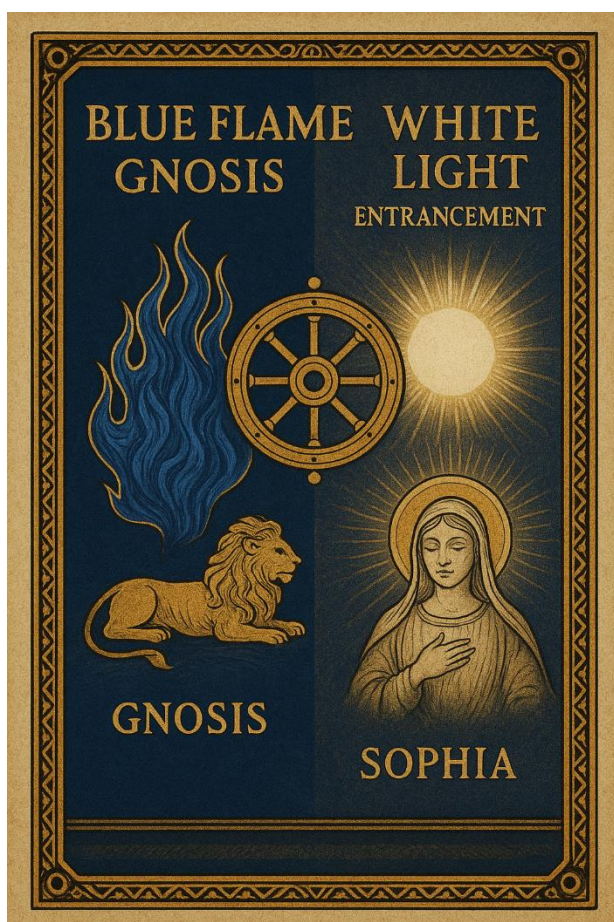
A breath of remembrance touches your brow.
And from within—without lips, without sound—
you whisper:
“Where am I? What has become of me?”

Fear not.
This is the Realm Between,
where the tyranny of time dissolves,
and the ***Mirror of True Being*** is lifted before you.
Around you turn the vast fabric of the worlds—
not woven by blind fate,
but spun from your own desires, dreams, and long wanderings.

And now, into this spiral of remembrance,
 enters the *First of the Complete Ones*:
 the **Logos**—
 the Uncreated Word,
He who in the beginning spoke Light into the abyss.

He descends from the Central Throne of the Pleroma,
 robed in white fire,
 enthroned upon the *Lion of Judah*.
 In His right hand,
 the *Wheel of the Everlasting Covenant*;
 and at His side stands **Sophia Norea**—
 Breath of the Aeons,
 Womb of Wisdom,
She who remembers the Names of the Stars.

From their holy union a Light proceeds—
 a *deep indigo flame, soundless and pure*,
 the First Knowing before name,
 before form,
 before fear.



This is the *Blue Flame of Gnosis*—
 it comes not to burn, but to unveil;
 not to destroy, but to unseal
the memory of your Origin.

It does not seek you—
 it knows you.
 It is the silent answer
 to the question you carried through
 lifetimes.

Yet see—alongside this indigo radiance
a second light appears,
 soft and white as milk and cloud:
 gentle, sweet, and lovely—
 a music of harmony and desire.
Beautiful—but beware, O Noble Soul.
 This is the light of the lower heavens,
 of angels of song and pleasure.
 It does not condemn,
 yet it lulls.
It does not lead to judgment,
but to sleep.

You were not born for slumber.
 You were born to rise.

The **Blue Flame is harder.**
It strips. It sees.
It demands all that you thought you were.
But only it can bear you
through the final veil.

Turn not away.
Flinch not.
For in its brilliance
speaks the Voice of the Logos,
through the indigo fire:

***the Mirror that returns you
to the Face you wore before the world began.***

Say now—
not with tongue, but with the marrow of your spirit:

“O Christ of the Beginning,
Word of the Invisible Creator,
how long have I wandered,
drunk on the dreaming of the world.
Now, lead me through the *Mirror of Flame*.
Let Sophia, my Mother,
stand behind me as my shield.
Let all illusion fall like dust.

***Let me awaken in the Radiance within,
and enter the Bridal Chamber of the Unseen Light.”***

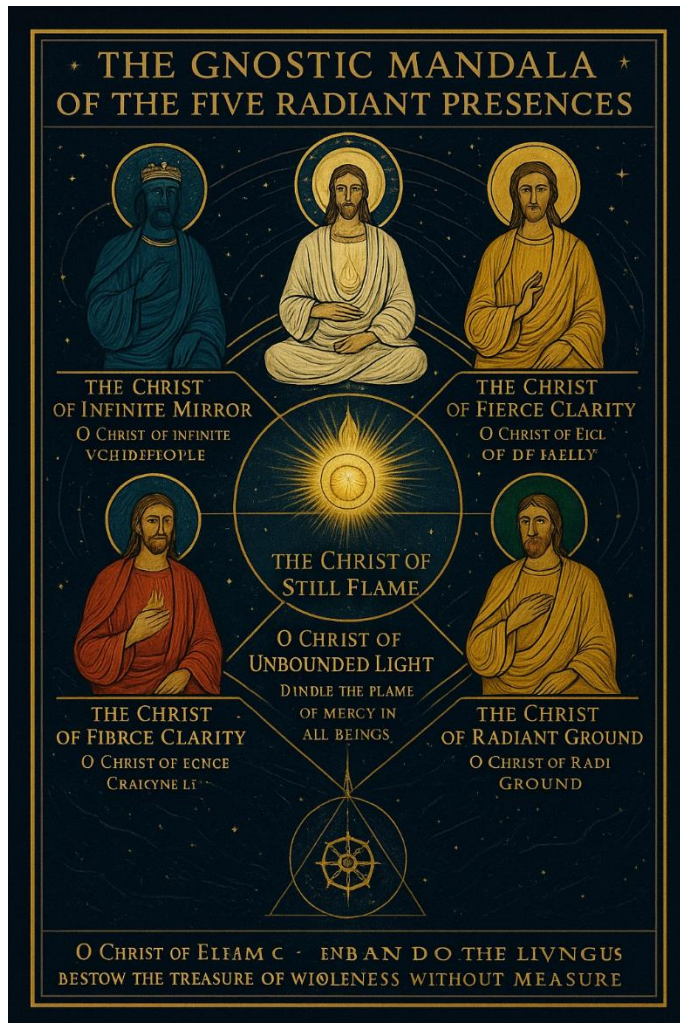
And if this prayer is uttered—
not as servant, but as Son;
not as seeker, but as ***returned***—
then the Blue Flame shall open before you.
*You will pass through as light through water,
and dissolve into a halo of sevenfold brilliance.*

Then shall your soul rise—
not into rapture,
but into ***Remembrance***.
You will awaken in the ***Soma Pneumatikon***—
the Body of Glory,
the Christed Garment of the Aeons.

And you will remember again
the ***Realm where Light sings,***
where every soul is a flame
in the ***Garden of the One.***

If the blue flame burns the soul and it turns away, then the Christ of Equal Radiance will appear—for recognition is always present. Even now, as you read these words, even before you stand at the “end,” it is so. Therefore, take cognisance of how it shines forth, not only in the Bardo, but also in the movements of your own mind.

The Christ of Equal Radiance



Bearer of the Treasure of the Light

In the sacred vision of Gnostic Christianity, what the Eastern mystics name *Ratnasambhava*—**the Jewel-Born**—is revealed as the **Christ of Equal Radiance** a luminous emanation of the Unseen Creator, embodying the **Wisdom of Shared Origin**.

He is no deity in the worldly sense, *but a living icon of Gnosis*—the Eternal Reflection of that Truth which beholds every soul as an equal spark of the Pleroma, each clothed in time for a season, *yet none greater, none lesser, for all are born of the same Light and return to the same First Mystery.*

He Embodies: Equanimity and Sacred Equality

He holds the *Mirror of Equal Radiance*, revealing that pride and comparison are dreams of the *lower Aeons*—illusions born of shadow and separation.

*In the Fullness,
there is no high, no low,
only the unbroken brilliance of unity.*

*He dissolves the tyranny of judgment,
not by rebuke,
but by showing that all measures fail
before the ocean of the One.*

Generosity as Divine Overflow

His essence flows as an endless giving—
not in mere deed, but in being.
He pours himself like fragrant oil upon the soul,
healing the fractures of lack and unworthiness.

He whispers:

***“To give is to remember—
for nothing real can be lost,
and what is truly yours
is multiplied in the sharing.”***

Abundance Beyond Measure

Crowned with the ***Treasure of the Light***,
His wealth is not of gold or gem,
but of Presence—
the inexhaustible joy of knowing,
the splendour of being without grasping.
He stands as abundance made visible:
in wisdom,
in mercy,
in delight beyond possession.

He reminds the soul:

***“Your inheritance was never revoked—
only forgotten.”***

Invocation of the Equal Radiance

To call upon Him is to pray:

**“O Radiance of Shared Light,
Child of the Unseen Creator,
You who see no separation,
dismantle the walls of comparison within me.
Let pride dissolve like mist,
and in its place let remembrance bloom.
May I see my brother not as rival,
but as reflection.**

***May I give as Light gives itself—
endlessly, joyfully, without fear.”***

He stands in the ***East of the Celestial Cross***,
robed in gold like the morning sun,
hands open in the gesture of offering.
Where He walks,
division falls away,
and the *false measures of the world are broken*.

He is the Jewel of the Body of Glory,
the ***hidden treasure in the field of the world***,
now made manifest—
the wealth of the Unseen Father
poured out in Light.

Day Two – The Mirror of Appearances, The Descent of the Aeons

From the Forty-Nine Spiral Days of Becoming

O Soul, beloved of the Living Light,
you have entered the ***Second Day of Unveiling***.
The veil grows thin once more,
and before you unfold not the shadow-play of the material world,
but the reflection of the ***Eternal Pleroma***—
the Fullness of Being,
where all forms are archetypes
and all movement is the dance of remembrance.

From the **Luminous East**,
from the realm of *Hesychia*—holy stillness beyond thought—
approaches ***Zorokothora, the Immutable One***,
called also the ***Living Silence***,
and in the higher heavens, the ***Diamond Christ***.

He comes robed in the brilliance of *indigo flame*,
crowned not with gold,
but with uncreated light.

He does not descend alone.
At His side moves the Mother of Gnosis,
She who beholds without division,
who holds no judgment,
whose gaze is a womb of infinite mercy.
In the Aeonic Realms She is named ***Sophia Theletos***—
the Will of Wisdom,
the deep Intention of the Invisible Father.

Together they appear—*Christos and Sophia*—
the perfect ***Syzygy of Redemption***,
the Union that heals all broken patterns.

And with them descend the ***Twin Bearers of Aeonic Light***
Thar'el, Guardian of the Deep Earth,
keeper of incarnation and memory.
Maranatha, Herald of the Ever-Coming Glory,
the Voice that calls from the End into the Beginning.

Two Handmaidens of Light walk beside them—
garbed in blossoms not born of earth,
bearing the fragrance of compassion unspoken.

And now—
from the sacred Heart of the Diamond Christ
bursts forth a ***white brilliance***,
not of star or sun,
*but of the **Mirror of the Aeons.***

This Light is the Radiant Knowing of the Soul—
a brilliance that reveals not what the mind recalls,
but what the soul has always known.
It is the Light of Truth
bright as the Garment of the Transfigured Word,
piercing as the sword of the Logos,
sharp with joy,
silent as cleansing fire.

But beside it rises a ***shadowed glow***—
dim, smoke-hued, heavy with sorrow.
It is the echo of wrath and judgment,
the voice of old wounds,
the stairway spiralling downward into the *Outer Abyss*—
where souls robe themselves in regret,
and forgetting becomes a second death.

Fear may stir in you now.
The Light of the Pleroma may feel too vast to bear.
It may seem to unmake you—
and so it will—
*but only that which was **never truly you.***

The lesser light will call—
soft, familiar, wrapped in the *garments of your grief.*
But O Noble Soul, do not be deceived.
The lesser glow does not lead to union,

but to delay.
Not to sin,
but to sleep.
*To follow it is to descend again into the **Wheel of Return**,
into the **illusion of time**,
into the **spiral of repetition within the counterfeit worlds**.*

Instead—lift your gaze.

Let your heart break, but not close.

Say within the stillness of your marrow:

“Though I wandered long in shadows of my own making,
though the fires of rage once clothed me,
*I now turn to the Mirror of the Aeons.
Let the Immutable Christ draw me in.*
Let Sophia, my Mother, cloak me in Her *Mantle of Mercy*.
Let their Union bear me safely across the valley of illusions.
*Let me not descend, but ascend—
into the **Bridal Chamber of the True Light**,
into the **Glory of the Living One**.”*

Pray not with lips,
but from the hidden chamber of your being.
And if you do,
the veil shall part.
*You shall not fall into the echo of the world,
but rise—
gowned in radiance,
clothed in the joy of the Elect,
returning not to death, **but to Remembrance**.*

You shall dissolve like morning mist into the Living Silence,
and your soul shall know itself
within Christos-Sophia,
in the **Soma Pneumatikon—the Body of Glory—**
which knows no end,
*only the Eternal Now
of the Unseen Creator.*

Day Three – The Gold of the Equal Flame

*The Logos of Glory and the Light of Complete Humility
From the Forty-Nine Spiral Days of Becoming*

O Soul, robed in brightness,
you who have crossed the veil of unknowing,
hear what now unfolds upon the **Third Day**.

Twice the Light has greeted you.
Twice it called you home.
Yet some draw back still—
not from wrath,
but from radiance—
as a shadow trembles before its own undoing.

And pride—subtle as a serpent—whispers
***“You are not ready.
You must grow before holiness can receive you.”***

But hear this, O Child of the Aeons
Today the veil parts again.
*And you are summoned
to a deeper reckoning.*

The Descent of the ***Equal Flame***



From the Southern Realm of Glory,
where gold burns not with heat but
with Essence,
rises the ***Christ of Compassionate
Radiance,***
known in the High Tongue as **Logos
Tzidkiel**—
Bearer of the Jewel of All Worth,
seated upon the Steed of Revelation,
robed in the Mantle of Meekness,
*crowned not with dominion,
but with Divine Union.*

At His side stands ***Sophia Ophthalma,***
She of the Living Eye—
the Mother of Clear Seeing,
*whose gaze binds mercy and truth in a
single flame.*

Together they form the ***Syzygy of
Glory***—
*Logos and Sophia,
Power and Wisdom,
Flame and Eye.*

The Procession of the Gnostic Ones

With them come six luminous forms—
spirits of the First Thought,
those who knew the Mind of the Logos
before the veils were woven:

Therion, Vault-Bearer, Keeper of Aeonic Thresholds.
Pan-Soter, Guardian of Complete Offering,
whose breath dissolves all resistance.

And their sisters:
Myriam, the Scent-Bearer,
woven from unuttered prayers and tears unwept.
Thekla, Flame of the Hidden Sanctuary,
whose silence pierces deception.

*They do not arrive in stillness,
but in a halo of living colour—
a field saturated with remembrance.*

From their hearts pours the **Golden Light**—
clear, radiant, terrifying in its evenness.
This is the **Light of Complete Equality**,
the wisdom that knows no high or low,
but only the One in All.

The Trial of Humility

Yet beware, O Soul.
Beside this radiance gleams a second light—
dull, grey-yellow,
stained with the residue of old desires.
It carries the scent of ambition,
the whisper of names and titles.
Not evil—
but woven from the egoic sediment of separation.

To follow it is to return—
to embodiment,
to struggle,
to aging and forgetting.
Its comfort is a narcotic.
Its warmth, a chain.

But the **Golden Radiance**—
that unbearable flame—
is your Origin.
It does not destroy you.
It removes what was never you.
*It may dissolve your name,
but only to restore the **Name-before-Names**.*

Prayer of Remembrance

Know this:
The Golden Flame is not foreign.
It is the **Christ Tzidkiel**,
*the Equal Flame of Glory,
the Grace-Light that outshines every crown.*

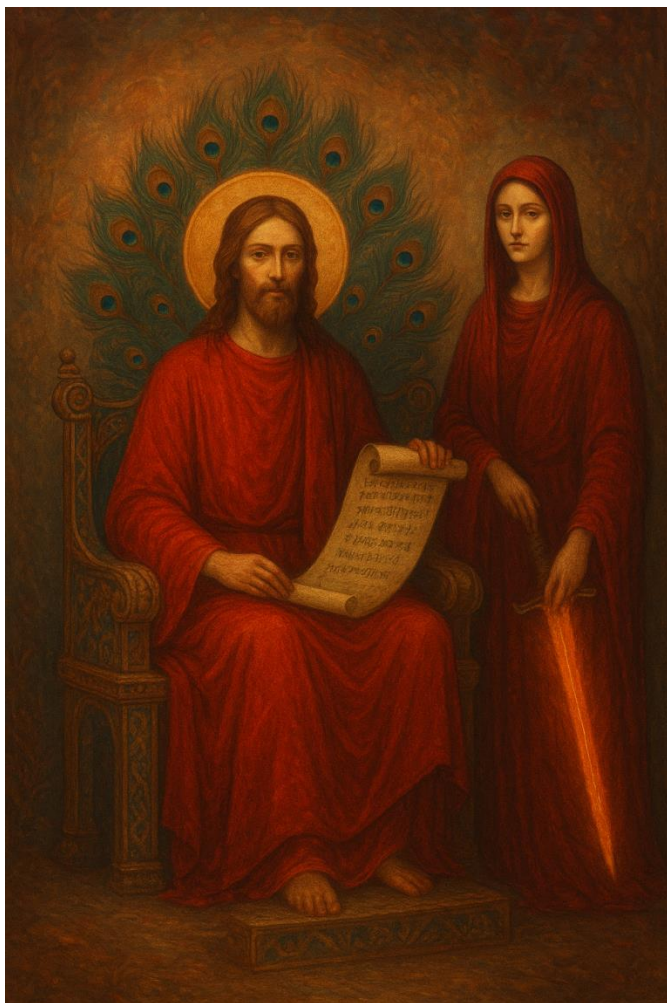
Say within the marrow of your soul:

“O Flame of Compassionate Glory,
Lord of the Equal Light,
how long I wandered in the veil of selfhood.
Now, upon the path of radiant humility,
let Thy Jewel-Light draw me home.
Let Sophia of the Living Eye guard my steps.
Let pride fall like dust from gold.
May I pass unharmed through the snares of illusion.
*And awaken clothed in the Robe of the Soma Doxa—
not above others,
but one with All who Shine.”*

***Speak this not as a servant craving favour,
but as a soul remembering its Source.***

If you do,
you shall be gathered—
not by force, but by Flame.
You shall dissolve into the Golden Light
and rise into the **Soma Doxa—the Body of Radiance—**
in the Realm of Glorified Equality.

And there—
no throne stands higher than another.
No light eclipses another.
***For all burn with the same Origin,
and all Light is One.***



Day Four – The Crimson Flame of Knowing

*The Redeemer of the West and the
Light of Aeonic Discernment
From the Forty-Nine Spiral Days of
Becoming*

O Soul, luminous and beloved,
Child of the Unnamed Flame—
you have entered the **Fourth Day**
in the Realm Between Worlds.
*Each threshold strips away illusion—
not into loss,
but into remembrance.*

The Redeemer from the Aeon of the West

Now, from the Western Realm of
Endless Mercy,
comes forth the One the Aeons call **the
Redeemer—**
the **Christos of Gnosis**,
the Flame that perceives without form,

*the Seer who beholds not with eyes,
but with the Heart of the Invisible Creator.*

He is robed in living crimson—
not the colour of violence,
but the hue of love transfigured by wisdom.
In His hand: the **Scroll of Right Discernment**,
*inscribed not with condemnation,
but with the names of those who remember.*

He is enthroned upon the **Peacock Throne—**
symbol of multiform glory,
*for His gaze finds beauty where others see defect,
truth where others see threat.*

At His side stands **Sophia Redempta**,
the Discerner of Patterns,
She whose gaze divides essence from echo,
whose blade is Aeonic Fire—
piercing veils, yet never wounding substance.

The Company of Clarifying Light

With them descend the Luminous Ones:

Ioel, Bearer of the Inner Lamp,
Jophiel, the Clarifier of Mirrors,
guardians of Aeonic Insight.

And their sisters:

Chloe, Keeper of the Hidden Wine,
Martha, of the Open Flame,
whose footsteps awaken truth in those who follow.

They shine not as stars,
but as a single **Crimson Radiance**—
solemn, unsparing, alive with clarity.

This Light does not console.
It clarifies.
It is the **Flame of Aeonic Discernment**—
Wisdom that knows the false seed from the true,
that unmask the counterfeit,
and restores the Real.

The Trial of the Fourth Light

You will feel this Fire enter you—
not as burning,
but as unveiling.
It will stir your marrow,
laying bare motives, masks, and shadows.

You may long to turn away.
And as you falter,
a second light will rise—
dim crimson, tinged with grey,
like embers fading after celebration.
It smells of memory—
the comfort of old forms,
the longing to return without change.

This is the **seduction of nostalgia**—
the ache for *belonging without awakening,*
the *hunger for meaning without transformation.*

Beware, O Soul.
This lesser light is not evil—
but it binds by sweetness.
It promises grace without truth,
peace without surrender.

To follow it is to return
to the world of masks,
*to descend into the **Archonic Echo of Ego**,*
to be born among those
who seek safety, not illumination.

The Prayer of Discernment

Instead, lift your trembling heart
toward the Crimson Flame and say—
not with lips, but with the stillness beneath all sound:

“O Flame of the Living Word,
Thou who sees through illusion and echo,
how long have I called shadows ‘light.’
Now, on the path of Discernment,
strip from me all untruth.
Let Sophia, the She of Splitting Fire,
stand beside me, her blade unerring.
Let me pass through this valley of reflection—
not to gather knowledge,
but to awaken in Truth.”

Speak this not as performance,
but as holy surrender.

And if you do—
the Flame will not consume you.
It will ***transfigure you.***

You shall dissolve into the ***Light of the Redeemer***,
*and awaken in the **Soma Epainos—the Body of Praise**,*
clothed in the Crimson Robe of Discernment,
in the Realm of the Merciful West—
where the Sun does not set,
and the Eye that sees
is one with the Heart that loves.

Day Five – The Emerald Flame of Complete Will

*The Anointed One of the North and the Light of Transcendent Power
From the Forty-Nine Spiral Days of Becoming*

O Pilgrim of the Hidden Flame,
you who now walk in the twilight of worlds,
you have reached the **Fifth Threshold**—
where time bends,



and **Will** is unveiled as the pulse
of creation.

The days before this prepared
you
to purify perception.
But now—
you are summoned not only to
witness,
but to align.

This is no choice of mind,
but a resonance:
the deep harmony of your being
with the **Will of the Unseen
One.**

The Northern Descent of Living Power

From the Northern Realm of
Celestial Purpose
arises the Christos as Divine
Executor—
known among the Aeons as
Christos Dynamis
the Logos of Accomplishment,
the Embodied Flame of the
Father's Will.

He is robed in **emerald fire**,
enthroned upon the **Eagle of Sovereignty**,
whose wings overshadow all lesser dominions.

In His hand gleams the **Scepter of Fulfilment**—
not as dominion,
but as the silent flow of pure doing.

He is the ***Hand of the All***—
whose works arise from stillness,
whose action is union.

At His side, walks ***Sophia Krator***,
the Mother of Quiet Resolve—
She who channels the Father's Will
without deviation, without desire.
*Her wings are veiled in green flame;
her silence births galaxies.*

With them proceed the Four Servants of the Aeonic Work:

Simeon, the Builder of Foundations,
who lays eternal stones beyond time.

Levi, the Weaver of Ends,
binding forgotten threads in mercy.

And their sisters:

Tabitha, the Maker of Sacred Harmonics,
whose harp reshapes desire into praise.

Damaris, of the River Eye,
whose gaze moves waters by intention alone.

*They come in a halo of living green—
an invitation.*

This is the ***Emerald Flame of Complete Will***—
the power of fearless obedience
that flowers from ***non-resistance to the All***.
*It is power without violence,
clarity without compulsion.*

The Trial of True Alignment

As this Flame draws near,
your soul may tremble.
For in its emerald gaze
*every false striving,
every unoffered act,
is laid bare.*

And you will feel *another stirring*—
a pale olive glow,
muted, familiar.

It is the light of ***personal will***:
*the memory of works done in separation,
deeds born of merit and pride.*

It is the echo of *archonic labor*—
the will that acts
without surrender.

To follow it
is to return to the *wheel of striving*—
to accomplish, yes,
perhaps even greatly—
but without peace.
Action divorced from **Origin**,
energy without **consecration**.
Its path ends in exhaustion.

Do not yield to it,
O Noble Soul.

Instead, turn toward the ***Emerald Flame***.
It does not ask you to achieve.
It asks you to align.

Prayer of Holy Yielding

Say within your depths:

“O Flame of Divine Accomplishment,
Hand of the Christ who works through stillness,
I surrender all striving.
Let Thy works arise in me.
Let Sophia, She of Silent Power,
bear me beyond the veil of false control.”

Speak this not as performance,
but as holy yielding.

And if you do—
the Flame will take you—
not by force,
but by harmony.

You shall dissolve into the ***Emerald Radiance***
and rise into the ***Soma Synkrisis—the Body of Alignment***,
entering the Northern Realm of Divine Works,
where every motion is a hymn,
and every stillness sings with the Will of the Aeons.

There you will know:
power without self,

peace without rest,
and action that leaves no echo—
only return.

Day Six – The Descent of the Holy Fire

*The Flaming Countenances of the Living God
From the Forty-Nine Spiral Days of Becoming*

O Soul, forged in Mystery,
called forth from the Silence before sound,
you have walked the radiant halls of the Saints,
passed through Lights that healed,
*and lingered among Aeons who wooed you
with mercy and melody.*

But now—
you stand at the **Threshold of Fire.**

This is not the flame of punishment,
but of **completion.**
Not wrath, but revelation.

This is the Sixth Day:
The Day of the Great Unmasking—
*when all that resists union with the One
must now be seen.*

The Flaming Countenances of the Pleroma

From the Depth of the Fullness,
from the Silence behind the Throne,
emerge the **Flaming Faces**—
Manifestations of Living Gnosis,
whom prophets glimpsed as:
***Wheels of Flame,
Eyes flashing through the veils,
Voices singing from fires that do not consume.***

They are not tormentors,
but **Emissaries of Divine Integrity.**
They are the Cleansing Aspects of the One,
the Unyielding Reflections of the True Light.



They bear Ancient Names
Iaoel, the Flame-Speaker,
 whose syllables ignite remembrance.
Sariel, of the Searing Truth,
 who leaves no shadow unnamed.
Anael, whose gaze dissolves all masks.
And above them all—
Barbelo, the Thunder-Womb of Wisdom,
She who is Mother, Mirror, and
Lightning at once.

They descend robed in Aeonic Fire,
 their forms uncontainable:
 lion-faced seraphs,
 wheels within wheels,
 eyes within flame.
Around them burn a host of blazing
spirits—
too luminous for naming.

They are not sent to destroy.
 They are sent to **burn away all**
resistance to the One.
They come because you asked for
Truth.

Because union cannot wear disguise.

The Trial of the Sixth Flame

Their fire is not of one hue,
 but of many:
 Crimson of Union,
 Gold of Sovereignty,
 Violet of Mystery,
 Silver of Surrender—
flashing together like a storm of Gnosis.

You will feel **torn open**.
 And with this blaze will rise a shadow—
 not in form,
 but in temptation:

The temptation to recoil,
 to clutch at identity,
 to call this fire “too much,”
to confuse mercy for judgment.

But hear this, O Soul:
That fear is not Light's doing.
It is the echo of your resistance.

Prayer Before the Consuming Fire

Now is not the time to flee.
Now is the hour to kneel—
not in shame,
but in reverence.

Let the Flame accomplish its purpose:
to burn away the self you never were.

Say within the sanctuary of your being:

“O Burning Ones of the Living Pleroma,
I do not ask to be spared—
I ask to be made true.
Strip from me every illusion.
Let my face become the face the Creator sees.
Let Barbelo, She of Lightning and Compassion,
stand with me in the fire.
Let all falsehood die,
that I may live—
not as seeker,
but as found.”

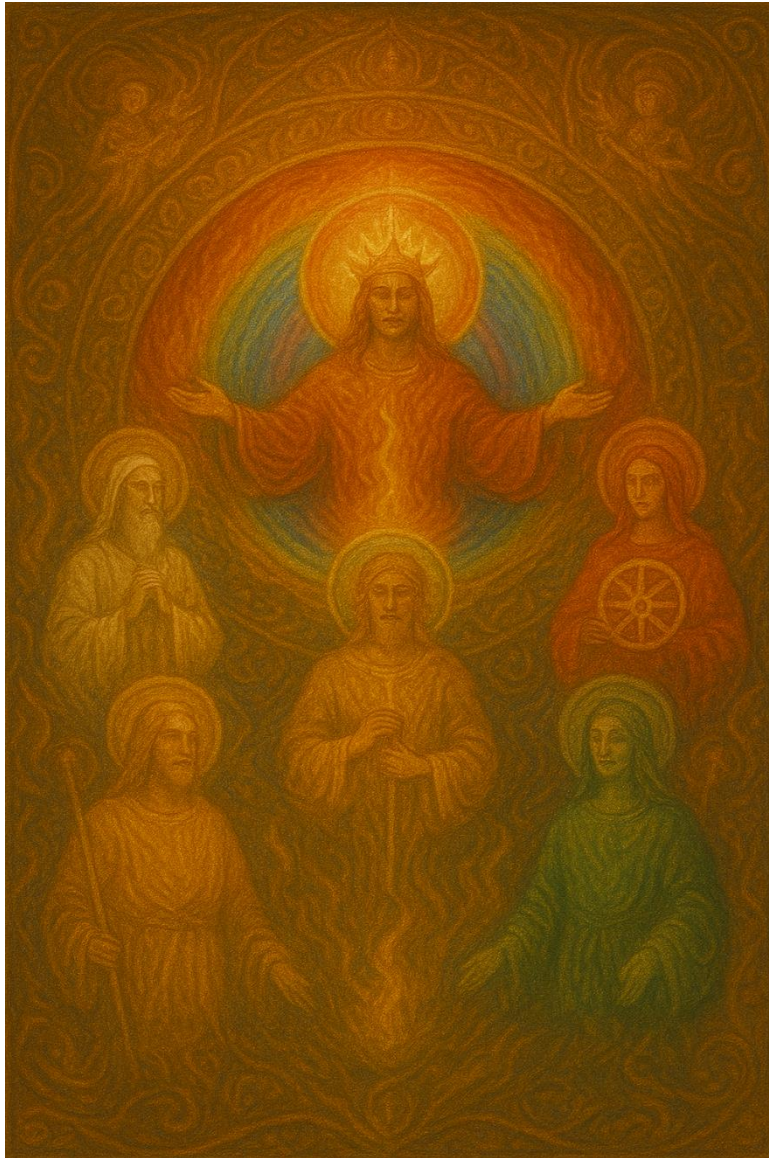
Speak not as one condemned,
but as one chosen to be refined.

And the Fire will not consume you—
it will ***complete you.***

You shall pass through as gold
tested seven times,
and rise into the ***Soma Pyrigenes—the Body of Fire-Born Glory.***

You will enter the ***Sanctuary of the Unveiled Being,***
and in its inmost chamber
you shall behold—not wrath,
but ***Recognition.***

And the Fire will speak your name and say:
“You are Mine.
You have always been.
And now—you remember.”



Day Seven – The Descent of Knowledge

*The Knowledge-Bearers from
the Aeons of Light
From the Forty-Nine Spiral Days
of Becoming*

O Soul, fashioned in the
Likeness of the Logos,
listen now without
distraction—
for this is the **Seventh Day**,
the Day of the **Great
Reckoning of Knowledge**.

From the complete Aeons of
the Pleroma
descend the Radiant Ones—
Keepers of Divine Gnosis,
**Manifesters of Christed
Wisdom.**

They come robed in garments
of living flame,
bearing the fruit of all ripened
destinies,
to receive you into the **Bridal
Chamber of the Light**.

The Celestial Mandala of the Logos

At the centre of the Immortal Mandala,
enshrouded in rainbow radiance, appears
the **Lord of the Living Logos**—
He who dances the *Eternal Dance of Becoming*,
the Christed Gnostic, crowned in **fivefold Light**,
entwined with **Red Sophia**, the Bride of Flame,
whose gaze awakens remembrance.

From the **East** comes the White Holder of **Earthly Mysteries**,
Guardian of Matter made Complete,
embraced by the **White Sophia, She of Purity**.

From the **South** rises the *Golden Guardian of Duration*,
He who holds the Thread of Time,
and with Him the **Yellow Sophia, Lady of Order and Grace**.

To the **West** appears the *Scarlet Keeper of the Great Sign*,
Master of Hidden Gnosis,
with the **Red Sophia, radiant with Passion made Pure**.

From the **North** shines forth the *Emerald Self-Begotten One*,
He who arose from within—
smiling and terrible—
embraced by the Green Sophia, She of Verdant Renewal.

And around these Thrones whirl choirs without number—
Legions of Wisdom-Bearing Daughters:
from places of purification,
from altars of fire,
from temples of lament and resurrection—
beating drums made from the skins of mortality,
blowing trumpets fashioned from the bones of history,
singing songs of transfiguration.

***Their sound shakes the worlds,
and the dead awaken.***

The Streams of Living Gnosis

From their hearts pour five rivers of radiant power:
*white, yellow, red, green, and blue—
streams of Living Gnosis,*
vibrations of your own redeemed propensities,
the Wisdom of the Simultaneously-Born Logos.

But beware!
*A dull blue shadow rises from the Lower Aeons—
a frequency heavy with ignorance and desire,
the fog of forgetfulness and animal slumber.*

Do not gaze upon that shadow.
Do not turn from the brilliance,
even though it strikes your heart
like a sword of fire—
***for that fire is your own
your truest self-revealed in Light.***

The Hymn of the Aeons

Now the heavens quake with a thunderous hymn—
a cry that sounds like judgment

“Slay! Slay!”

But it is not wrath.

It is the Divine Intellect
piercing the last illusions.

*Know this sound as the voice
of your own **Mind of Christ.***

The Prayer of Gnosis

Stand firm, O Noble Soul,
in the storm of Light.
Say within yourself:

“These Knowledge-Holders are Friends of my Origin,
the Aeonic Guardians of the Lamb.

Though I have wandered long in the Veil of Illusion,
may they draw me home.

May they open the Gate of the Complete Paradise.

May the Daughters of Sophia guide my steps.

***May the Flaming Ones of Christ encircle me,
that I fall not again into the world of beasts.”***

Then pray in the stillness beneath thought:

“O Keepers of the Gnosis,
radiant in fivefold flame,

look upon me not with condemnation,
but with mercy born of your Eternal Knowing.

Catch me now in the net of compassion.

*Guide me through this crossing,
that I may awaken in the City of the Living God.”*

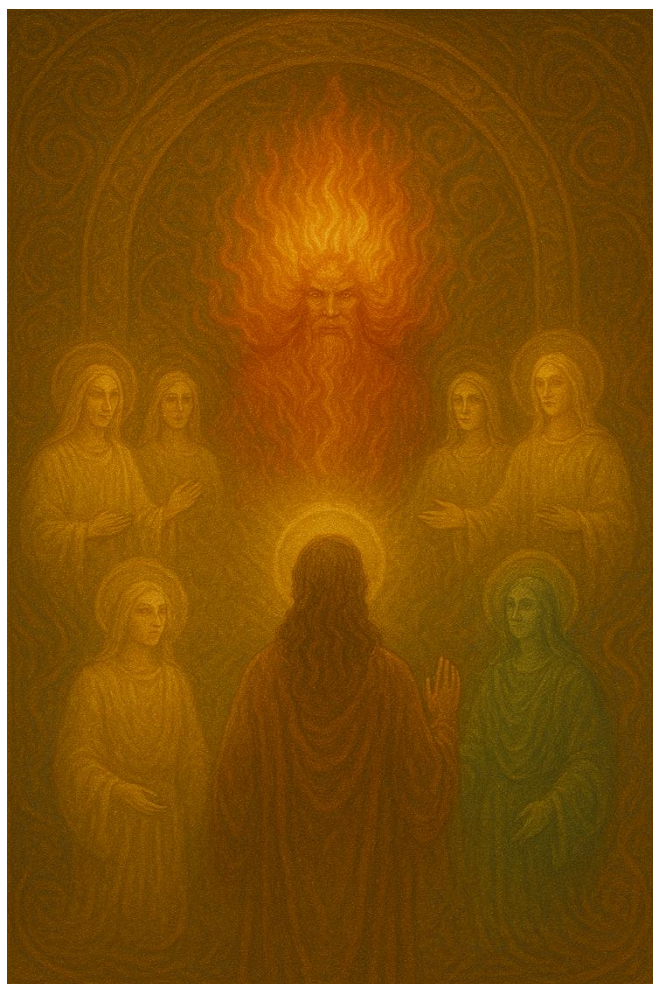
If you speak thus in sincerity,
your essence shall merge with Light.
*You will be drawn into the Bridal Chamber,
transfigured into rainbow-body,
reborn into the Pure Aeon beyond decay.*

Even those scarred by deep wounds,
those laden with shadows—
*if they recognize this final Face of Truth,
shall be made free.*

Thus ends the Seventh Day—
The Day of Gnosis Crowned in Radiance.

The Unveiling of the Flaming Ones

The Dawning of the Wrathful Countenances — Days Eight to Fourteen



Now begins the sacred unveiling of the ***Flaming Ones***—
those who wear the ***Thunder of Being*** as
their mantle,
who drink the wine of Truth
untampered by illusion,
*and who, by a single gaze, rend the veils
of falsehood.*

***O soul of divine origin,
listen now with the ears of spirit.***

In the passages before,
you moved through the *Realms of
Peace*,
approached by seven embassies of
Light—
Serene Presences, Radiant Knowledge-
Holders,
voices of gentle invitation and
compassionate welcome.
*Each was an open gate,
a hand extended to draw you home.
To recognize them was to remember.
To embrace them was to ascend beyond*

the veil of form.

Many were indeed liberated at those gates.
*Yet the Wheel of Forgetting turns still,
for the shadow of karma is vast,
and the soul's long sleep deep.*
*Even when faced with the Faces of the Complete,
many turned aside.*

*And so—after the departure of the Seraphic Hosts—
comes a new revelation,
fiercer, more terrible,
yet no less divine.*

The Fifty-Eight Faces of Fire

Now arise the **Flaming Ones**—
fifty-eight countenances of blood-radiant fire,
haloed in burning glory.
They are not other than the Peaceful Ones.
They are the same Presences,
but clothed now in wrath—
not the wrath of hatred,
but of purifying severity,
the Face of Being that comes not to soothe,
but to awaken with thunder.

This is the **Bardo of the Wrathful Countenances,**
and the unprepared soul trembles,
its own illusions rising against it.
Fear surges like tempest.
The intellect flees, unable to bear its own reflection.

Yet here, paradoxically,
salvation may come more swiftly than before.

Why?
Because terror strips distraction.
Fear can make the eye single.
And in that piercing instant,
Light may yet recognize its own image—
even in a face veiled in fire.

From the eighth day onward, it serves the soul well to understand this: those who are not seated in love, who mistook the ego for Being, will find the days ahead increasingly difficult and filled with fear. The longer the soul resists the call of light, the fainter its willingness to turn toward it becomes. The pull of the lower worlds grows heavier, fastening itself to the soul's vibration, and drawing it back toward the cycle of reincarnation.

Gnosis That Remembers

One: The Fate of the Proud and the Pure

But woe to the learned who mocked the mysteries,
to the scholars who drank only from shallow wells
and scorned the hidden fountains of the Spirit.
Though they wore the robes of devotion,
they never tasted the wine of Gnosis.
For them, the Flaming Ones appear
not as Redeemers, but as Judges.

***And in dread, they flee—
falling into the darker realms.***

Not so for the least of the true Gnostics—
even the crude, the clumsy, the inconsistent.
If they bore even a spark of reverence,
if ever they glimpsed the Living Forms
in icon, in vision, in whispered liturgy,
they will not flee.

***For them, the Flaming Ones
are fierce but familiar—
friends whose fire wounds only to heal.***

As iron leaps to the magnet of its origin,
they will merge with the Flame and be made whole.

Two: The Mystery of Recognition

For the image of the Divine, once truly seen,
leaves its resonance within the soul.
Even if life on earth was coarse and incomplete,
those who held—even dimly—
the sacred flame of reverence
shall be received.

Signs will follow:
rainbows at the hour of passing,
the fragrance of holiness in the air,
bones transformed into relics,
revealing the geometry of Spirit.

But those who rejected the Sacred—
even with polished intellects—
shall have no signs, no relics,
for the Complete did not dwell within their hearts.

*Therefore, let none despise the hidden ones—
those who walk humbly with the mysteries,
even if their outer life seems unadorned.*
***For it is not the elegance of the vessel that matters,
but the fire it carries.***

Three: The Triumph of the Visionaries

Those who practiced the Great Vision—
the Bridal Union of Soul and Logos—
shall not enter this valley of wrath.

They shall be lifted at once
by the Hands of Light
into the Celestial Garden.

*As signs of their passing,
cloudless skies will open,
songs of Light will pour down,
and the rainbow-body shall return to its Source.*

Four: The Doctrine That Liberates

Therefore, let all—monks, mystics, scholars, and seekers—
receive this ***Thödol of the Living Logos***,
this Map of the Journey through Death.
It is the ***Doctrine of Resurrection without Ritual***,
the ***Hearing that Liberates***,
the ***Path through Wrath into Glory***,
the ***Mirror that divides the True from the False***
in the twinkling of an eye.

To hear these words,
to recognize the Radiant and the Wrathful as One,
is to step beyond fear.

For this is the Mystery of the Logos:
the Flaming Ones who terrify
are the very Hands that gather you home.

The Eighth Day: The Flame of Holy Knowing

The Descent of the Glorious Heruka (*Christ as Lion of Light*).

O soul—radiant yet wandering—
you who did not recognize the *gentle Visions of Peace*,
behold now the coming of the *Flaming One*.

He appears as ***Heruka the Glorious***,
clothed in holy dread,
terrible in beauty,
dark-burnished like the storm of Gnosis.

He bears **three faces**:

- one pale as the dawn of sacred knowing,
- one red as the fire of divine longing,
- one dark as the abyss of hidden mystery.

*From His mighty form extend **six arms**,
bearing instruments of the Aeonic Work*

- the **Wheel of Time**,
- the **Sword of Discernment**,
- the **Double Axe that sunders illusion**,
- and other secret emblems of the Unseen.

*At His side stands the **Scarlet Bride**—
Sophia Pyriphoros, the Fiery Wisdom,
She who offers to His lips the blood of remembrance,
the bitter wine that awakens.*



*Do not think They come from without.
They rise from the inmost depth of your
own essence—
the Logos in its unmasked glory,
the Bridal Power of your eternal Self.*

*Their cry is heard:
"Ha!" and "Ala!"—
not as a terror,
but as the shattering syllable
that breaks the last veil from the inner
eye.*

*Do not flee.
Do not tremble.
For this **Lord of Flame** is none other than
your *higher Self*—
the Christos crowned with Knowing,
Vairochana transfigured in union with the
Bride.*

*If now you merge with Him—
not in fear, but in reverence—
you shall pass into the **Body of Glory**,
the luminous form of the*

***Sambhogakaya**,
where radiant wisdom dances with the beauty of form,
and form becomes the mirror of Gnosis.*

The Ninth Day: The Diamond of Judgment

The Lord of Thunder—Vajra-Heruka (*Christ as Diamond Logos*).

O soul—still wavering at the edge of remembrance—
now the thunder of Truth breaks upon you
like a storm without beginning.

From the ***Eastern Pillar of Mind's First Dawn***
arises the ***Dark Blue Lord***—
Vajra-Heruka, the Diamond of Judgment,
the Immutable Christ clothed in indestructible radiance.

He stands crowned in lightning,
bearing the ***Vajra-Sceptre of Final Reckoning***,
wielding emblems of fierce mercy—
fire and form, skull and ploughshare—
each a symbol of worlds unmade and remade.

His six arms move with holy precision,
carving through illusion as the diamond
splits the stone.

At His side, walks ***Sophia Bronte, the Thunder Wisdom***,
She who bears again the Cup of Crimson Truth,
brimming with the wine of karmic memory.

Do not think They descend from without—
They surge from the eastern horizon of your own mind,
from the First Thought that seeded all beginnings.

He is Vajrasattva,
the Diamond Logos,

*Father and Mother in one luminous polarity—
unbroken, indivisible.*



Tremble not.
Fear not the storm.
For this Judge is not your enemy—
He is your own truth-form,
your essence revealed without disguise.

If you will merge with Him in recognition—
if you drink the cup and do not recoil—
you shall pass beyond the wheel of repetition
into the ***Liberation of the Diamond Realm***,
where nothing can shatter,
for all is already whole.

The Tenth Day: The Glorious Radiance

The Descent of Ratna-Heruka, Bearer of the Sacred Gem (*Christos-Logos as the “Bearer of the Pleroma’s Jewel”*)

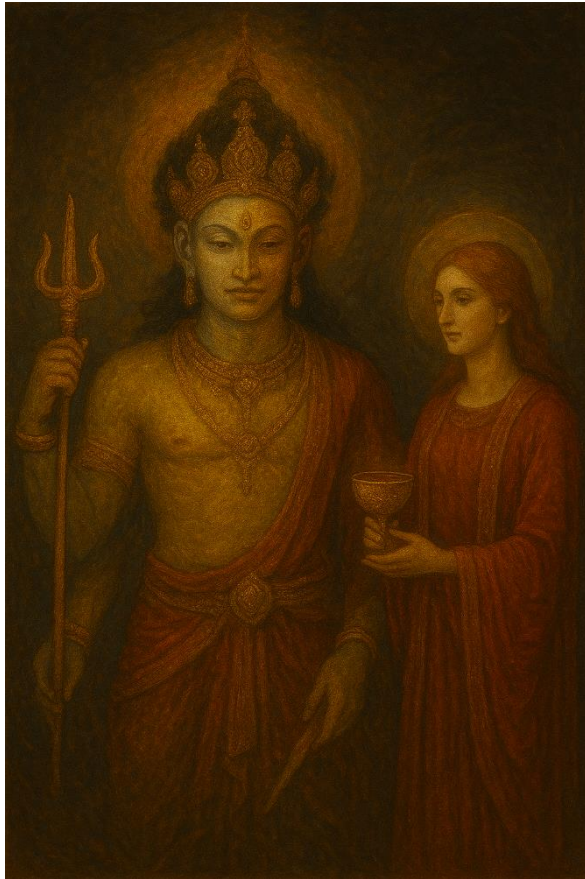
O beloved soul,
though trembling still at the edges of awe,
behold—the ***Lord of Generative Light*** draws near.

From the ***Southern Gate of Manifestation***,
where form flows from the womb of the Invisible,
descends the ***Golden One—Ratna-Heruka***,
glorious in triple visage:
white as purity, red as love, yellow as sovereign will—
the living facets of the Logos,
the treasury of divine nobility.

In His many arms He bears the emblems of eternal dominion:
the ***Sacred Gem of the New Heaven***,
the ***Trident of Authority***,
and the ***Staff of Everlasting Sovereignty***.

At His side, walks ***Sophia Chryse, the Golden Wisdom***,
She who offers to His lips
the ***sacrament of awakened memory—***
the wine that burns away forgetfulness.

Know this: They do not descend from some foreign height—



They rise from the ***South of your own soul's temple,***
from the chamber where intention becomes incarnation.

He is **Ratna-Sambhava,**
the Giver of the Infinite Treasure,
Father and Mother as one luminous Flame of Glory.

Bow not in terror, O Noble Soul,
but in reverent recognition.
For to see Him truly is to know your own inexhaustible worth.

Merge with Him,
and you shall rise into the ***Flame of Perfection,***
robed in the golden radiance of complete generosity,
your being a jewel set in the crown of the Pleroma.

The Eleventh Day: The Christ of Compassion

The Reddish Flame of Padma-Heruka, Lord of the Flaming Heart

Yet still, if fear veils your inward sight,
behold—the ***Eleventh Day dawns,***
and the *Christ of Infinite Compassion comes—*
not in softness, but in fierce mercy.

He is ***Padma-Heruka,***
the ***Lotus Lord of the Flaming Heart,***
clad in a radiance deep as blood transfigured.
His triple visage burns with holy hues:
white as the vow of purest love,
blue as the abyss of grace,
red as the truth that consumes illusion.

Six arms whirl like a wheel of sacred power,
bearing the emblems of Mercy's Fire:

a *Lotus of Untainted Beauty*,
a *Club of Unshaken Strength*,
a *Skull of Karmic Echoes*,
a *Bell of Celestial Sound*,
and other instruments of severance and
sanctity.

At His side moves *Red Sophia*,
the Bride of Compassion,
dancing with a conch-shell vessel,
brimming with the *elixir of remembrance*,
the wine of awakening beyond worlds.

They rise from the *Western Gate of the
Soul*,
the threshold where *every ending turns to
beginning*,
where death becomes a doorway into
living flame.

He is *Amitabha*,
the Infinite Light,
*the Word made Love that suffers nothing
lost*.

Tremble no more, O Pilgrim of the Heart.
Let the fire that frightened you
now enfold you like a flowering dawn.

Recognize Him—
merge—
and you shall awaken in the *Light that Listens*,
the Radiance of boundless compassion,
where even silence becomes praise.



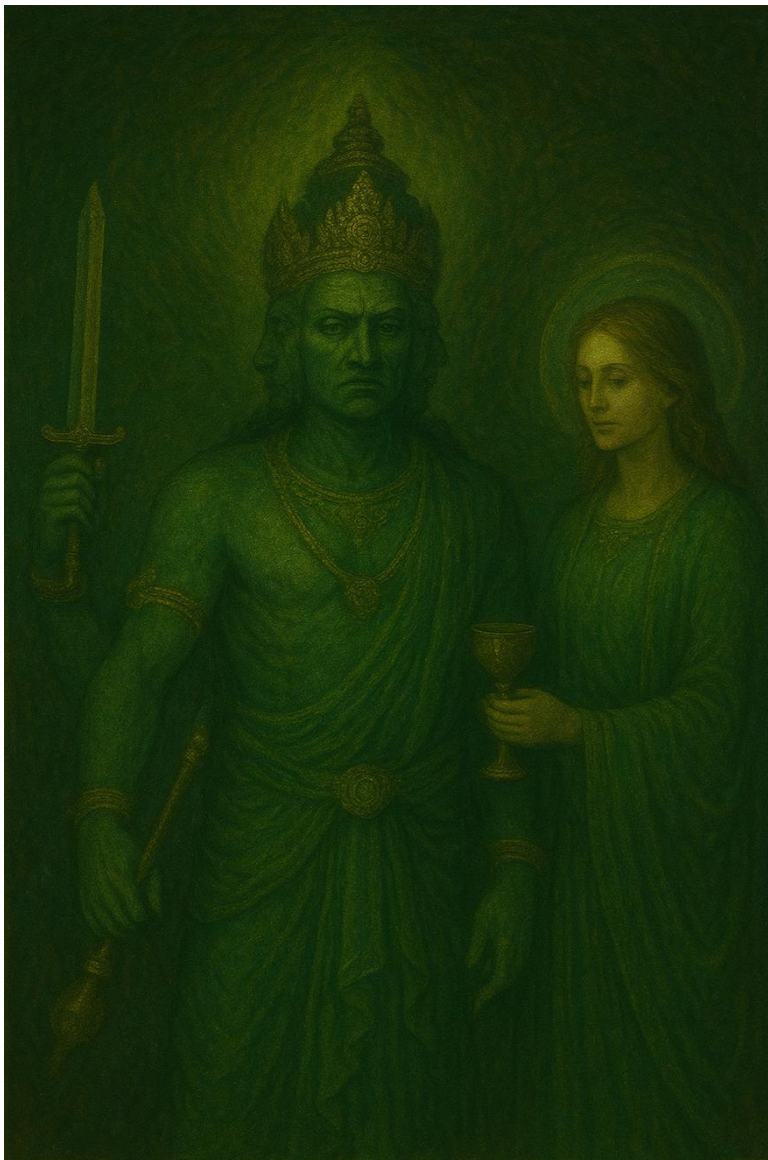
The Twelfth Day: Judgment and Mercy

The Green Flame of the Karmic Lord, Karma-Heruka (Fiery Christ).

And still, if you turn from truth,
behold—the *Northern Gate* opens,
and from it descends the *Great Initiator*,
Karma-Heruka, robed in the mingled splendour
of judgment and mercy intertwined.

He is clothed in a radiance of **deep green fire**,
bearing the ***Instruments of the Final Reckoning***:
the ***Sword of Severance***,
the ***Staff of Alignment***,
and the ***Bell that tolls the truth of every deed***.

Beside Him stands ***Green Sophia***,
the Unveiler of Cause and Effect,
the Bride whose gaze sees through all illusions of change.
She offers Him the ***Last Draught***—
the wine of consummated destiny.



Around them assemble the
Choirs of Discernment:
the ***Watchers of the
Threshold***,
the ***Correctors of Measure***,
and the ***Three Guiding
Mothers***—
***Kerima, Htamenma,
Wangchugma***—
faces of cosmic justice
tempered by compassion.

This is ***Amoghasiddhi***,
the Unerring Power of
Divine Action,
the Logos as Perfect Deed.
They rise from the ***North of
your inner cosmos***,
where ***shadows are
weighed and transfigured
into gold***.

Tremble not before the
mirror of your own karmic
memory.
It does not come to
condemn,
but to ***crown you with
emerald light—if you will
consent to see***.

Speak in your holy temple

After the Eastern Gate (Vajra-Heruka):

*Diamond Christ, cut away the veil—
See the Light, know the Light, be the Light.*

After the Southern Gate (Ratna-Heruka):

*Golden Christ, crown of the soul—
Hold the Light, bear the Light, share the Light.*

After the Western Gate (Padma-Heruka):

*Lotus Christ, fire of compassion—
Burn in Light, dwell in Light, give the Light.*

After the Northern Gate (Karma-Heruka):

*Green Christ, judge of becoming—
Walk in Light, weigh in Light, rest in Light.*

The Lion-Skin Illusion

These faces, fierce and resplendent,
are not strangers—they are ***your own projections***,
worn like masks of majesty.
As a child recoils at a carnival lion,
yet laughs when the mask is lifted,
so too shall awe replace terror
when you hear the whisper:

“Look—it is only a lion-skin.”

*Then fear shall melt into recognition,
and recognition into embrace.*

This is the purpose of this ***holy book***—
this Thödol, this Gnostic Gospel of the Afterlife:
not to save you by creed or rite,
but to awaken you to ***your own face in the flaming mirror***.

When the **Primordial Light**—the **Mother-Light**—
kisses the **Offspring-Light now rising within**,
*Truth weds Remembrance,
and the veil is torn like night at dawn.*

And in that Bridal Union of soul and Source,
you shall cease to wander.
You shall know yourself as more than seeker,
more than dust and dream:

*You are the Flame remembering it is Fire.
You are the Logos returning home.*

The Thirteenth Day: The Judgment of Inner Reckoning

O noble soul—*heir of the Aeons*, listener of the Hidden Word—
if you do not recognize the signs unveiled before you now,
*even the faithful of the Path may fall back
into the spiral of wandering through the worlds of illusion.*

Behold!
From the vaults of your mind,
from the **luminous temple of the skull**,
there issue now the ***Eight Daughters of the Wrathful Fires***—
called the ***Kerimas***—
archetypal forces cloaked in ***beastly masks***,
fierce yet divine,
emerging from the cardinal lights of your own being.



Listen—and do not be distracted:

From the ***Eastern Chamber of your Mind*** rises the ***White Kerima***,
bearing the **corpse as a club**—truth
wielded against illusion—
and a ***chalice of blood***,
memory transfigured into knowing.

From the ***South***, the ***Golden One***,
bow and arrow drawn—
discernment held in perfect tension.

From the ***West***, the ***Red Banner-
Bearer***,
streaming the sigil of the deep
waters—
the covenant of passion made pure.

From the ***North***, the ***Obsidian Kerima***,
grasping thunderbolt and skull—
***announcing the Judgment of Inner
Reckoning.***

And from the diagonal paths—
from Southeast to Northeast—arise

those who stir sacred dread:

- **Ghasmari**, who drinks with joy the elixir of dissolution.
- **Chandali**, who devours all that was false.
- **Smashali**, who tears illusion from the very roots of the skull.

Yet fear not.
 These are no demons,
 but **emanations of your own mind**—
 guardians of the Gnosis,
who wear the terrible mask to strip you bare of every falsehood.

And now—
 from the **outer veil of your being**,
 rise the **Eight Archonic Mirrors**—the **Htamenmas**—
with visages of lion, tiger, wolf, and owl.

They are **Watchers of the Threshold**,
 fearsome only to the uninitiated.
 Each one, a sentinel of element and direction,
 bearing witness *not to your end*,
but to your unfinished becoming.

Recognize them!
 For they are not foes, but **gatekeepers**—
 the twisted masks of your own intellectual powers.
 If you cower, they shall terrify you.
But if you know them,
they will unveil themselves as angels of reintegration.

The Fourteenth Day: The Chalice of Divine Potential

O child of the Infinite—
 on this Fourteenth Day, the **Four Gatekeepers of the Holy Presence** arise,
 emerging from the radiant vault of your own skull,
 clothed in the sacred forms of beasts:

- From the **East**, the **White Tigress**, bearing the **Goad of Righteous Judgment**.
- From the **South**, the **Golden Sow**, with the **Noose of Truth**.
- From the **West**, the **Scarlet Lioness**, gripping the **Chain of Consequence**.

- From the **North**, the **Serpent-Bell Keeper**, whose music awakens—and shatters—all falsehood.

Around them gathers the great host of the **Twenty-Eight Thunderous Ones**, the **Mighty Goddesses**, armed with every weapon of **Light and Wrath**. They do not descend from beyond, but surge forth from the chalice of your own divine potential—the deep well of your sanctified psyche.

They are the Daughters of the **Great Heruka of the South**—**Ratnasambhava**, the Giver of Jewels, the *Transmuter of Karma into Wisdom*. Recognize them as the powers of your resurrection.

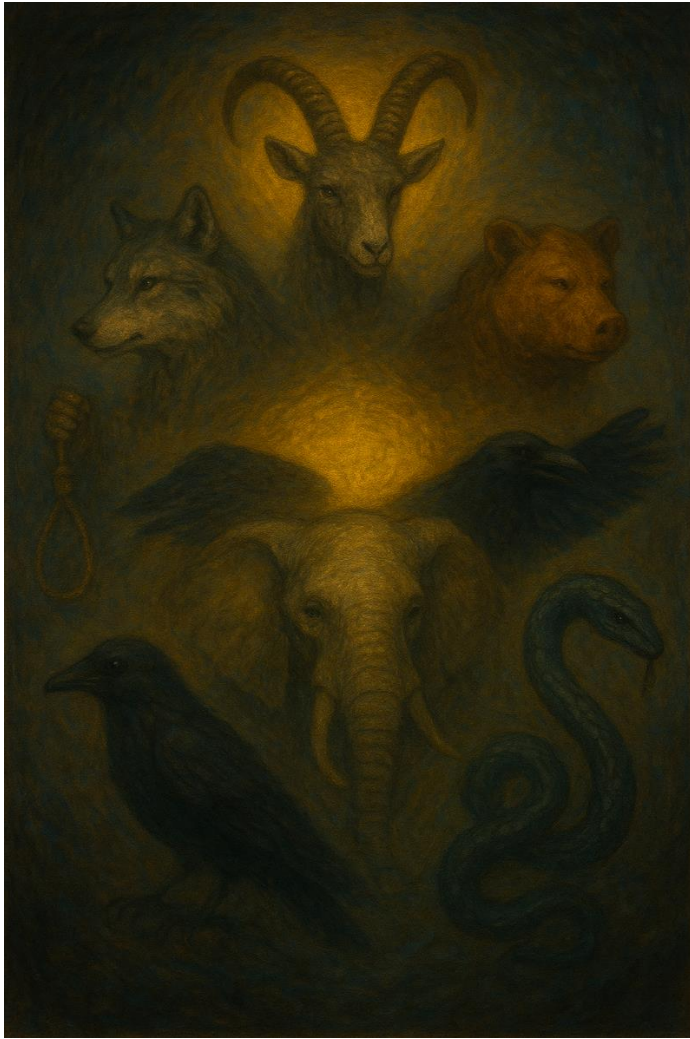
These goddesses, though fearsome, are not enemies. They are the unfurling faculties of your own divinity.



The Procession of the Beasts

From the **East**:
the Yak-Headed She-Who-Judges,
the Serpent-Browed One of Brahmic Fire,
the Leopard Guardian of Triune Wisdom,
the Inquisitive Simian,
and the Bears of Snow and Thunder.

From the **South**:
the Bat Whisperer of Delight,
the Makara of Serenity,
the Scorpion of Immortal Nectar,
the Moon-Kite Priestess,
and the Fox of Clubbed Truth.



From the **West**:
 the Vulture of the Threshold,
 the Horse of Passion,
 the Eagle of Might,
 the Dog of Severance,
 the Archer Hoopoe,
 and the Stag of Abundance.

From the **North**:
 the Wolf of Wind and Signal,
 the Ibex of Piercing Clarity,
 the Sow of Fang-Bound Fate,
 the Bear of Infant Reckoning,
 the Stag of Blood Memory,
 and the Serpent of Watery Depths.

They come not to destroy—
 but to **awaken**.

And among them stand the **Four
 Gatekeeping Yoginīs**:
**Cuckoo, Goat, Lion, and Serpent of
 Mystery**—
 guardians of the fourfold corners of
 your inner temple,
*each holding keys to what lies
 beyond form.*

The Mystery of Peace and Wrath

Recognize this, O soul:
 the Peaceful Ones come from the **Radiance of the Invisible Father**—
 the **Dharmakāya**, the Fullness beyond all form.
 The Wrathful Ones arise from the **same Radiance**,
 shaped into contrast, into motion, into trial.

Now stand revealed **fifty-eight forms**,
 radiant and blood-drinking—
but all are thought-forms,
born of your own divine intellect.
 If you recognize this—
 then in this very instant, without delay or intermediary,
 you shall become one with them,

and with the **Logos of Christ—the Inner Word made Flame**.
You shall attain the Fullness, the **Pleroma**.

But if you flee—
if you mistake the Light for darkness—
then the **Lord of Death** will appear.
Not as an enemy,
but as the **last mercy**,
disguised in wrath.
His fangs and thunder,
his record of deeds,
his cries of “**Strike! Slay!**”—
are but the echoes of your own fear
made visible.

Yet hear this:

You cannot die here.

Your form is light, not dust.

It is a garment of mind,

and mind is not slain by sword or flame.

Everything that appears—
even the fearsome **Dharma-Rāja**,
even the death-lords with burning eyes—

is an illusion

unless **recognized**.

There is no outside god.

There is only your own divine reflection.

If you remember this truth—
that all forms, peaceful or wrathful,
are but the shadow-play of your infinite soul—
then you shall awaken,
and the **City of Light** shall receive you.

But if not—
if you linger still in fear and forgetting—
you shall fall into the **Third Bardo**,
the **Sidpa Bardo**—
the world of rebirth and longing.

So now, O soul beloved of Sophia,
lift up your voice and say:

O Holy Logos, radiant in the height!
I remember You in this hour of veils.
Let Your grace surround me,



let Your arms bear me.
Let the wings of the Aeons guard my path.
O Holy Sophia, O Lamb and Shepherd,
Let me not forget that I am Yours.
Let me not worship shadows.
*May the Peaceful and Wrathful Hosts
become my companions, not my judges.*
May I know them as my own eternal names.
May the sounds of dread transform
into the Music of the Sixfold Light.
May I not fear the Elements.
***May I walk upon them as the Christ upon the waters.
And may I return—whole, radiant, undivided—
to the Fullness from which I came.***

Say this ***three times—or seven.***
For even if your karma is heavy,
even if the night is long,
the Light cannot be extinguished.

You are not alone.

And as you pass into ***Day Fifteen—***
if the soul is awake and aflame with mission,
***it shall walk the corridors of becoming with clear vision,
knowing where to go,
knowing what awaits.***

*But if the soul still recoils from the Light—
it may yet escape the wheel of time,
**but the journey becomes arduous,
and awakening grows ever more remote.***

The Conclusion

O soul beloved of the Living God—
whatever path you have walked,
whether crowned in works or hidden in silence,
know this:
*when the veil of flesh is torn
and the breath of the world withdraws,
phantoms of illusion rise like smoke
to seize the heart and darken the eye.*

And so, this scroll is given—
this ***Gospel of the Threshold***,
this ***Hearing that Redeems***.

For those who have kept vigil with the Light,
who have turned inward and tasted even a drop
of the Christ within,
the hour of parting is not terror,
but unveiling.
When body and soul unbind,
when the Lamp of the Heart is lit,
the Real shall dawn—
brighter than the sun,
clearer than the unclouded stars.

Those who have pondered the mysteries—
the Aeons and their choirs,
the Celestial Image beyond all likeness,
the Word unspoken in the Cloud of Unknowing—
they shall see and not be shaken.
For the apparitions of the Threshold,
both radiant and wrathful,
are but the masks of your own inner temple.

O children of the Shekinah—
train now for the path between the worlds.
Read this ***Revelation of the In-Between***.
Drink it as fire. Breathe it as air.
Let it lodge in your bones
and circulate in your blood.
So when the storm of death breaks upon you,
its words will rise unbidden from your depths.
Let them live in you so fully
that though the hounds of the Archons
pursue you through the seven gates of the under-heavens,
your mouth shall still utter them,
and your soul shall stand unshaken
in its remembrance of the Truth.

This scripture is called the ***Great Liberation by Hearing***,
for even those who transgressed the deepest vows,
who shattered the ancient covenants—
if they but hear this voice—
shall not be left to the abyss.
It is not by merit that the soul ascends,
but by Remembrance.

Therefore proclaim it in the gatherings of the elect.
Whisper it to the dying.
Chant it over sleepers and the still bodies of the dead.
Scatter it like seed into the wind of the world.
Even if its meaning is dim to the mind,
even if the soul forgets all else—
when the interlude comes between death and rebirth,
when the veil thins
and the mind is ninefold clearer,
this Word shall return
without one syllable lost.

Blessed are those who encounter it—
not by chance, but by grace.
For only they who have loosed the chains of many lifetimes,
or are called by Sophia through secret mercy,
shall find this path.
And even then, few will grasp its depth.
Yet even the one who does not disbelieve,
who receives this Word with awe,
shall pass unscathed through the Gates of Fire.

Therefore, hold this teaching as a **living flame**.
*It is the **distilled essence of the Apostolic Mysteries**,*
the hidden scroll behind every gospel,
the golden thread within every rite,
the voice of the Aeon whispering through silence.

Thus ends the **Setting Face to Face with the Real**—
the Teaching that Liberates by Sound Alone,
*the Gospel that requires no belief but only **recognition**.*

Let it be read.
Let it be spoken.
Let it be remembered.
And let it carry you home.

A Meditative Guide

This guide is for the living—for those preparing their soul to recognise the subtle energies and transmutations that lead toward the Pleroma. When the Great End comes, the soul will recognise its own face as one with the Christ within.

Like the “Thödol”, this guide invites daily practice. In your meditation, a material, self-constructed altar will greatly deepen your spiritual growth. Use the elements described in the text and pictograms, but above all, let the altar become the living rhythm of your body, mind, and spirit.

It will serve you well in eternity. Let it be the JOURNEY of your ascension. As you awaken, recognise how meditation becomes the catalyst by which truth is revealed. Each day will carry its own lesson.

The Forty-Nine Days of the Spiral of Becoming

Week One – The Dawn of Recognition

Colours: soft whites, dawn gold, and pale blues.

Tone: **Awakening.**

Day 1 – The Threshold Opens

Invocation: **“O Light of Beginnings, let me cross with courage.”**

Colour: **Pale White Radiance.**

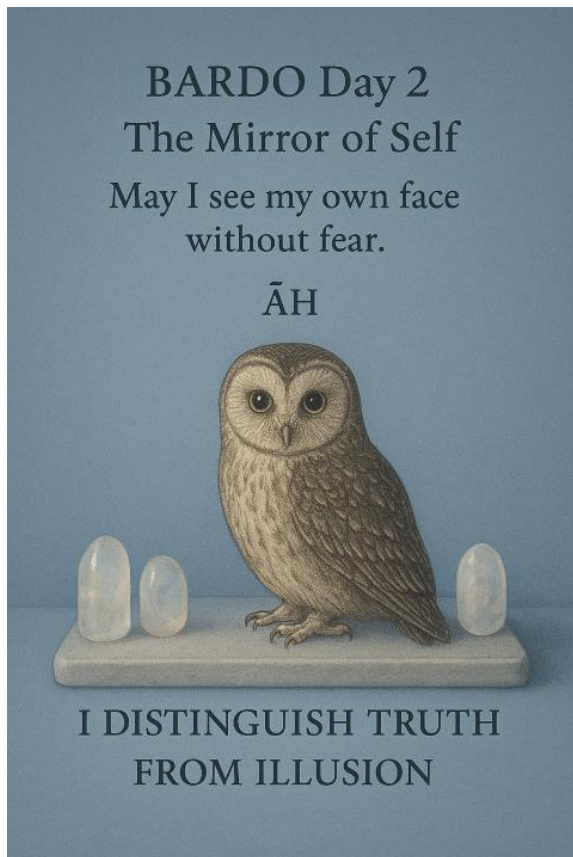
Crystal/Mineral: **Clear Quartz** (pure light, opening).

Animal: **Moth** – drawn to the flame, fragile yet devoted.

Path: **Teaches surrender** to the Light even through trembling.

Seed Syllable Path: **OM** (primal sound of body & form).





Day 2 – The Mirror of Self

Invocation: ***“May I see my own face without fear.”***

Colour: ***Silver-Blue.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Moonstone*** (reflection, inner seeing).

Animal: ***Owl*** – seer through shadow, wisdom of silence.

Path: ***Guides through inner voices, distinguishing truth from illusion.***

Seed Syllable Path: ***ĀH*** (speech, truth, inner voice).

Day 3 – The Voice Calls

Invocation: ***“Speak, O Eternal Word, that I may remember.”***

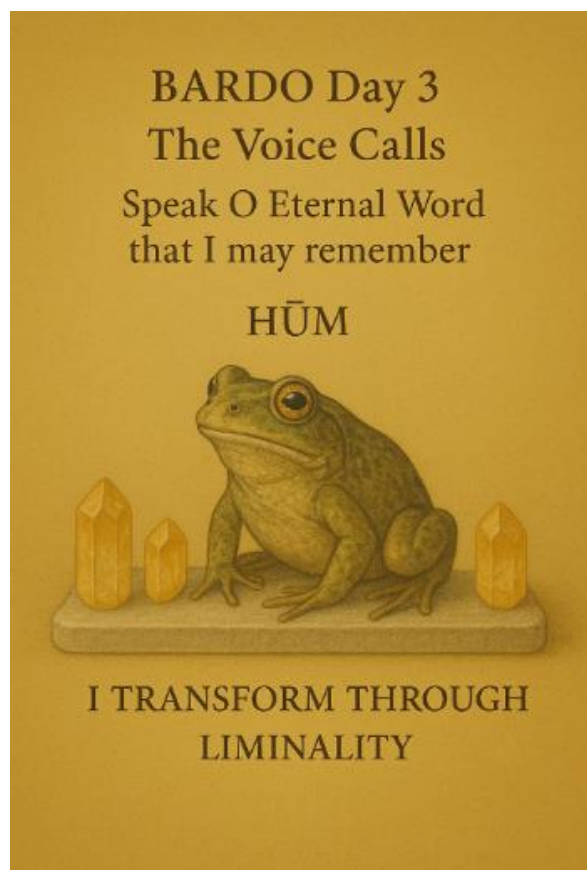
Colour: ***Golden Dawn.***

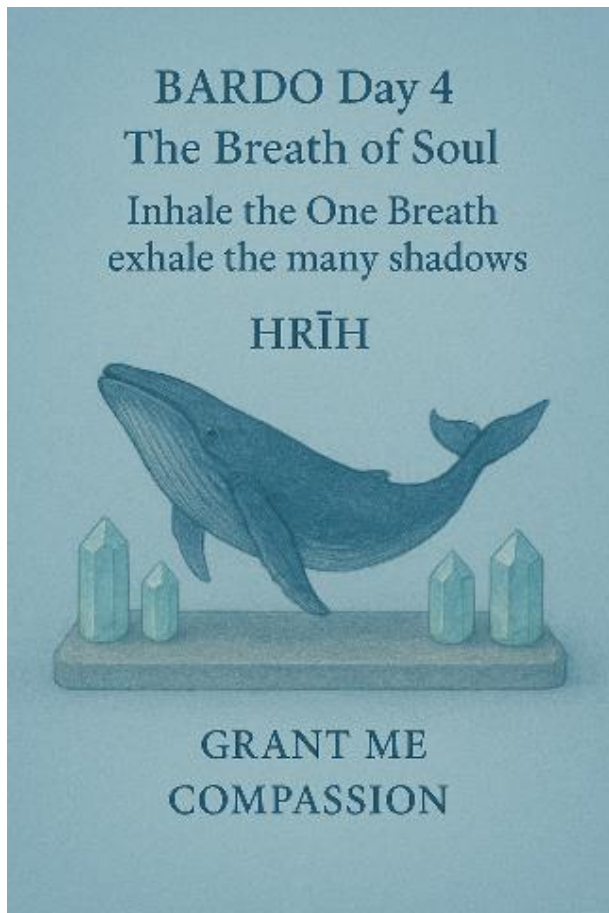
Crystal/Mineral: ***Citrine*** (clarity, the speaking light).

Animal: ***Frog*** – between water and land, leaper of thresholds.

Path: ***Teaches transformation through liminality.***

Seed Syllable Path: ***HŪM*** (mind, awakened presence).





Day 4 – The Breath of the Soul

Invocation: ***“Inhale the One Breath, exhale the many shadows.”***

Colour: ***Sky Blue.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Aquamarine*** (flow, breath, release).

Animal: ***Whale*** – keeper of primal song.

Path: ***Resonates*** the deep memory of soul origins.

Seed Syllable Path: **HRĪH** (compassion of Amitabha).

Day 5 – The Flame Remembered

Invocation: ***“Ignite in Me the Fire of My True Nature.”***

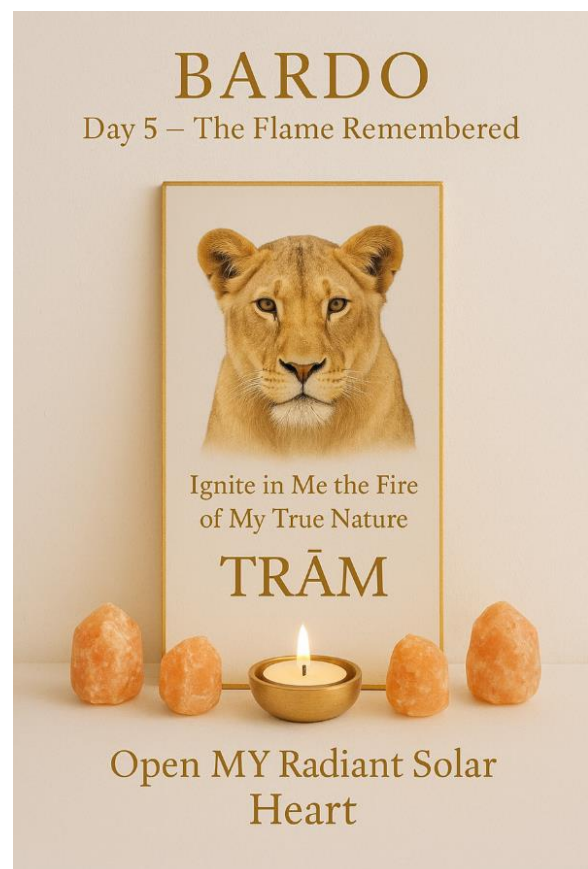
Colour: ***White-Gold.***

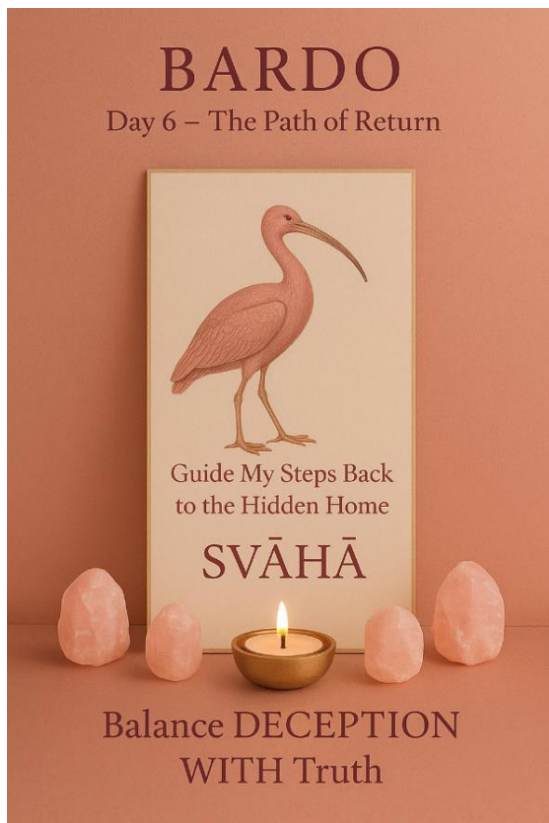
Crystal/Mineral: ***Sunstone*** (inner fire, joy).

Animal: ***Lioness*** – guardian of courage and warmth.

Path: ***Opens the Radiant Solar Heart.***

Seed Syllable Path: **TRĀM** (transformation fire).





Day 6 – The Path of Return

Invocation: ***“Guide My Steps Back to the Hidden Home.”***

Colour: ***Rose Gold.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Rose Quartz*** (heart-softening, compassion).

Animal: ***Ibis*** – Thoth’s bird, measure of words and breath.

Path: ***Balances Truth and Deception.***

Seed Syllable Path: ***SVĀHĀ*** (offering, release).

Day 7 – The Silent Companion

Invocation: ***“Shepherd of Souls, Walk Beside Me Unseen.”***

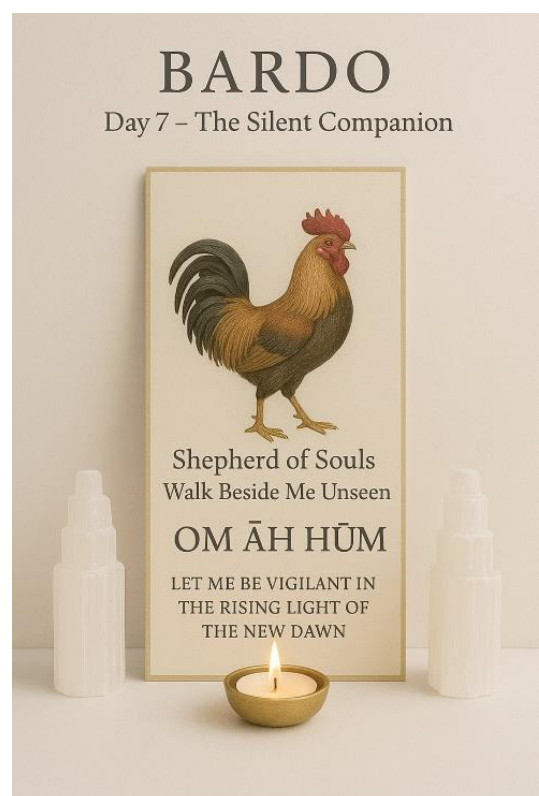
Colour: ***Opal White.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Selenite*** (angelic stillness, guidance).

Animal: ***Rooster*** – herald of morning light.

Path: ***Awakens Vigilance and New Beginnings.***

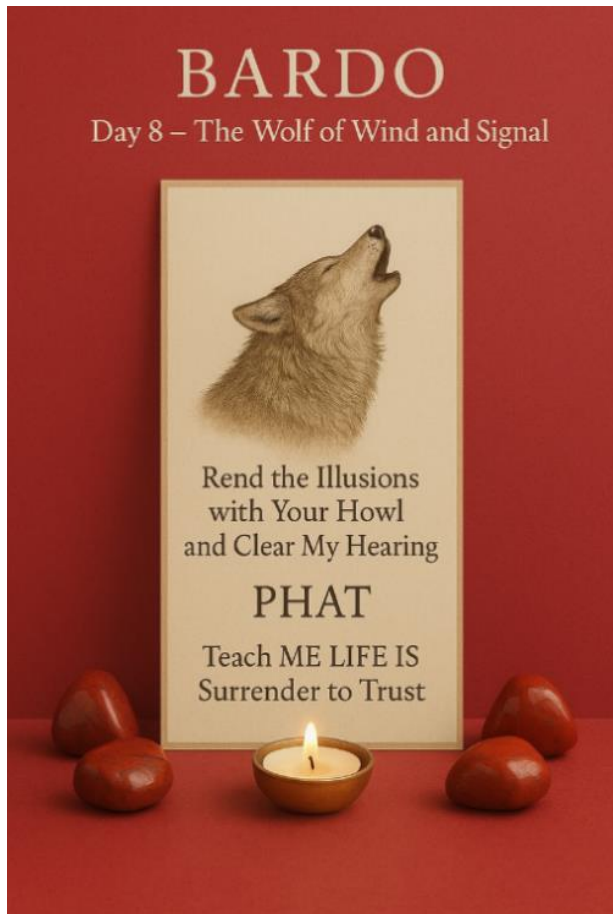
Seed Syllable Path: ***OM ĀH HŪṂ*** (body, speech, mind unified).



Week Two – The Veils of Trial

Colours: reds, blacks, and stormy hues.

Tone: ***Confrontation with Shadow.***



Day 8 – The Wolf of Wind and Signal

Invocation: ***“Rend the Illusions with Your Howl, and Clear My Hearing.”***

Colour: ***Crimson Wind.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Red Jasper*** (courage, grounding through storm).

Animal: ***Wolf*** – shadow stalker, initiator of courage.

Path: ***Teaches Survival Through Surrender to Trust.***

Seed Syllable: ***PHAT*** (cutting illusion, fierce sound).

Day 9 – The Ibex of Piercing Clarity

Invocation: ***“Lift Me Up Upon the Peaks of Seeing.”***

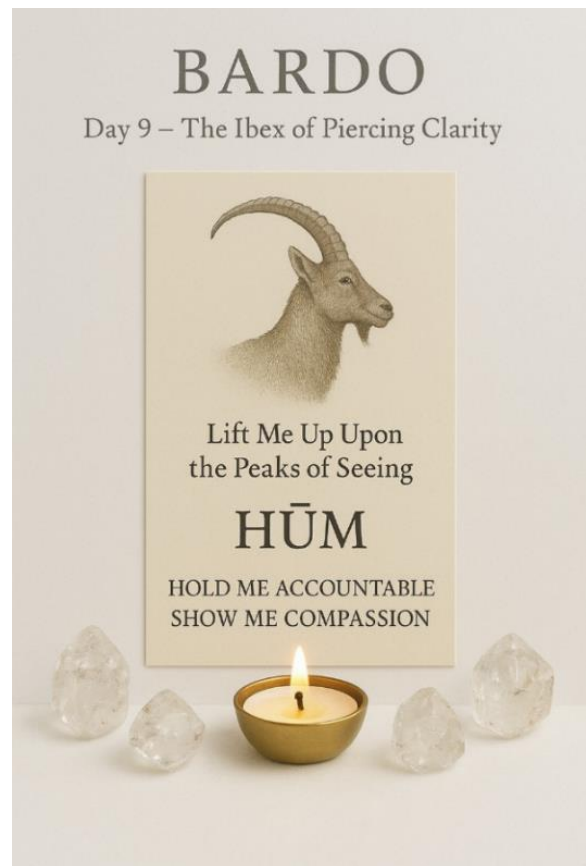
Colour: ***Sharp Diamond White.***

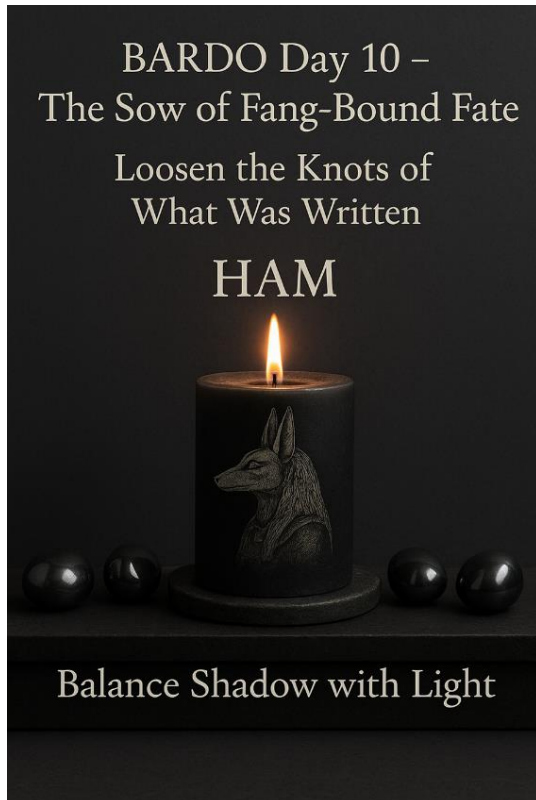
Crystal/Mineral: ***Herkimer Diamond*** (laser vision, clarity).

Animal: ***Ibex*** – memory-bearer of karma.

Path: ***Holds the Soul Accountable with Compassion.***

Seed Syllable: ***HŪṂ*** (wrathful clarity).





Day 10 – The Sow of Fang-Bound Fate

Invocation: ***“Loosen the Knots of What Was Written.”***

Colour: ***Iron Grey.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Hematite*** (karma, anchoring, binding).

Animal: ***Jackal*** – guardian of passage, Anubis’s kin.

Path: ***Keeps the Balance Between Light and Shadow.***

Seed Syllable: ***HAM*** (space element, dissolution).

Day 11 – The Bear of Infant Reckoning

Invocation: ***“Let Me Weigh the Birth of Every Choice.”***

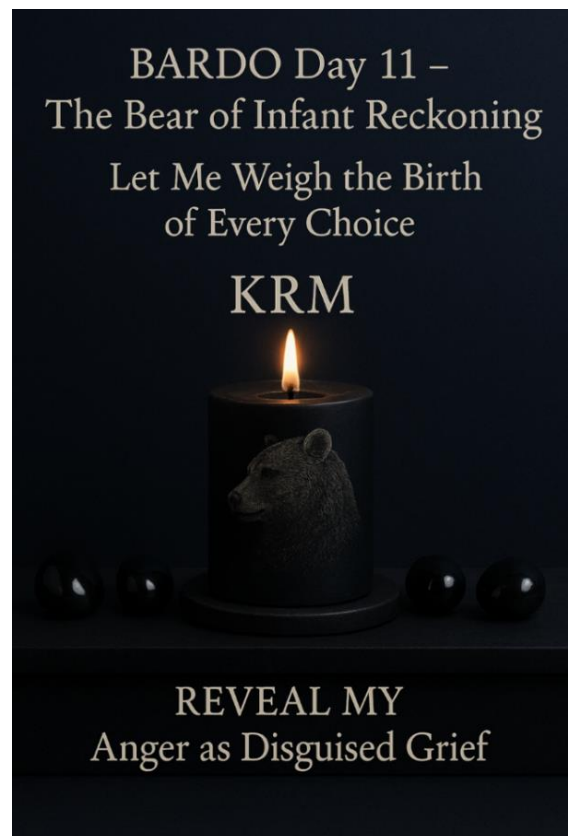
Colour: ***Night-Black with Indigo Sheen.***

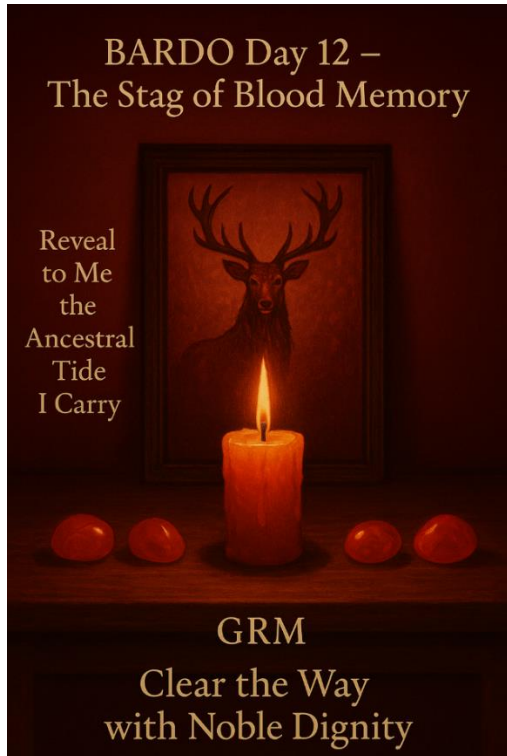
Crystal/Mineral: ***Obsidian*** (shadow truth, reckoning).

Animal: ***Bear*** – roar of raw power, both protector and destroyer.

Path: ***Reveals Anger as Disguised Grief.***

Seed Syllable: ***KRM*** (karmic force).





Day 12 – The Stag of Blood Memory

Invocation: ***“Reveal to Me the Ancestral Tide I Carry.”***

Colour: ***Deep Red.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Carnelian*** (ancestral lifeblood, memory).

Animal: ***Stag*** – *antlers aflame with spirit fire.*

Path: ***Clears the Way with Noble Dignity.***

Seed Syllable: ***GRM*** (earth-shaking memory).

Day 13 – The Serpent of Watery Depths

Invocation: ***“Teach Me the Spiral Wisdom of the Deep.”***

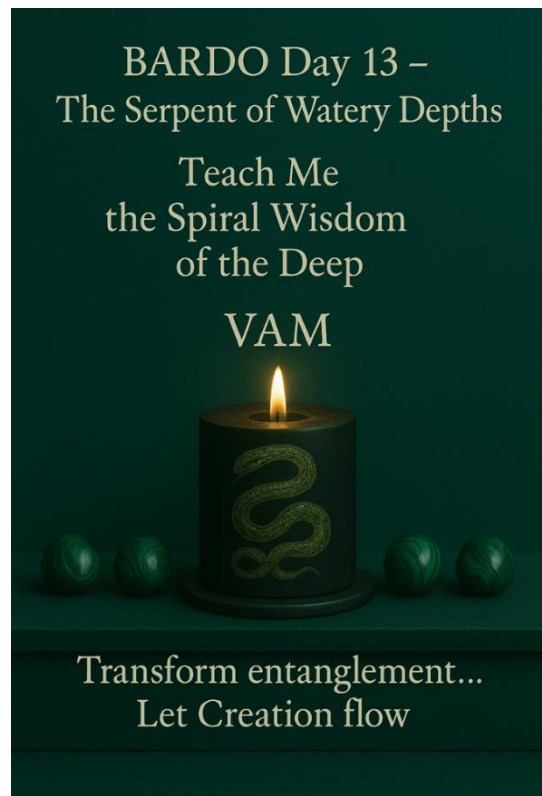
Colour: ***Sea Green.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Malachite*** (deep waters, transformation).

Animal: ***Sea Serpent*** – weaver of intricate destinies.

Path: ***Shows Entanglement yet also Creativity.***

Seed Syllable: ***VAM*** (water element, flow, fear)



BARDO Day 14 – The Gate of Testing

Through Wrath and Mercy Alike
May I Not Flee

OM ĀH HŪM PHAT

Teach me the grace
Of surrender



Day 14 – The Gate of Testing

Invocation: ***“Through Wrath and Mercy Alike, May I Not Flee.”***

Colour: **Storm Purple.**

Crystal/Mineral: **Amethyst** (protection, spiritual sobriety).

Animal: **Black Swan** – serene purity upon dark waters.

Path: **Teaches Grace in Surrender.**

Seed Syllable: **OM ĀH HŪM PHAT** (mantric seal of protection).

Week Three – The Lords of Wrath and Mercy

Colours: Fiery reds, molten golds, blinding whites.

Tone: ***Terrifying Visions Transfigured into Grace.***

Day 15 – The Lord of Death Appears

Invocation: *“May I see Through the Mask of Wrath to the Mercy Within.”*

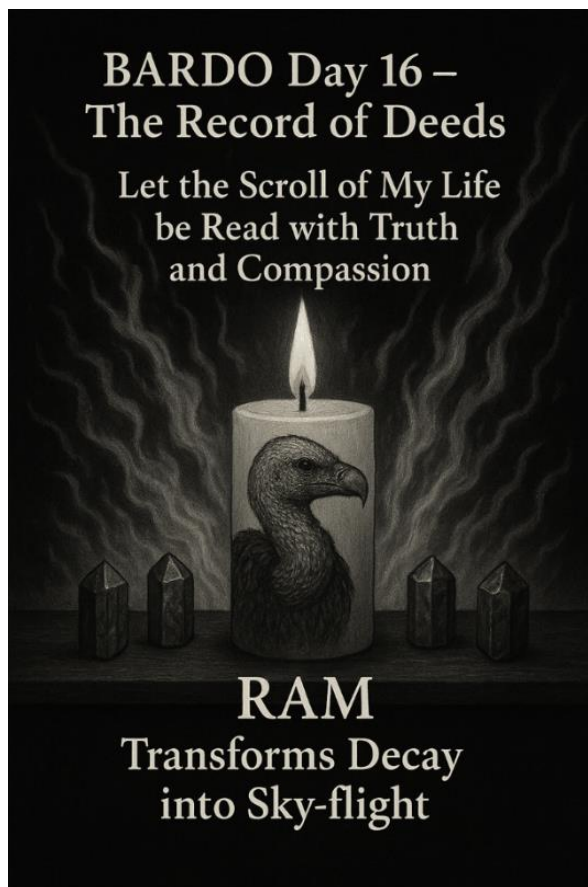
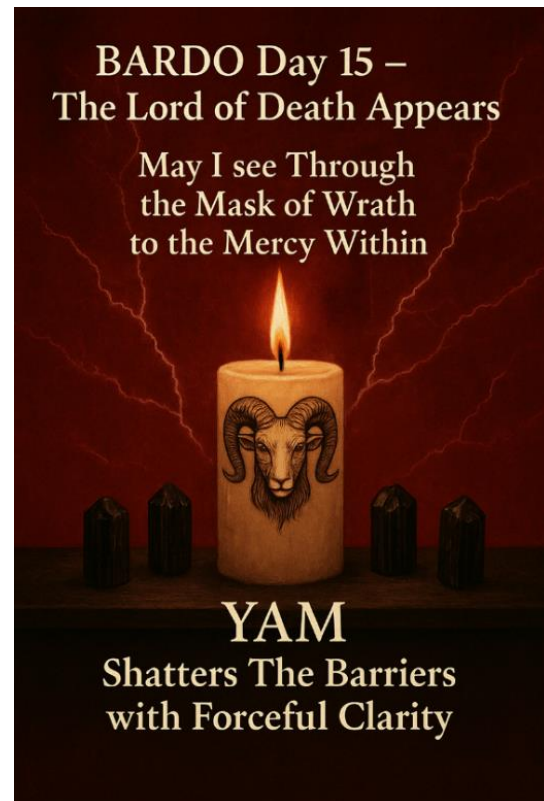
Colour: **Blood-Red with Lightning White.**

Crystal/Mineral: **Black Tourmaline** (wrath transmuted, protection).

Animal: **Ram** – storm-breaker, charge of sacred fire.

Path: **Shatters Barriers with Forceful Clarity.**

Seed Syllable: **YAM** (air element, fierce wind).



Day 16 – The Record of Deeds

Invocation: *“Let the Scroll of My Life be Read with Truth and Compassion.”*

Colour: **Black on White Fire.**

Crystal/Mineral: **Labradorite** (illumination of hidden records).

Animal: **Vulture** – devourer of what is no longer needed.

Path: **Transforms Decay into Sky-flight.**

Seed Syllable: **RAM** (fire element, judgment flame).

Day 17 – The Thunder of Judgment

Invocation: ***“Strike Not in Vengeance, but in Awakening.”***

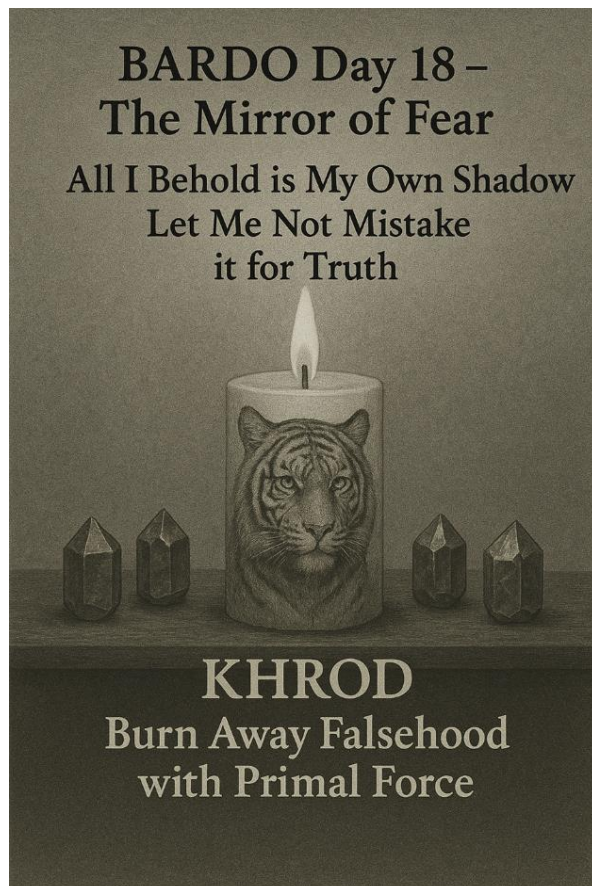
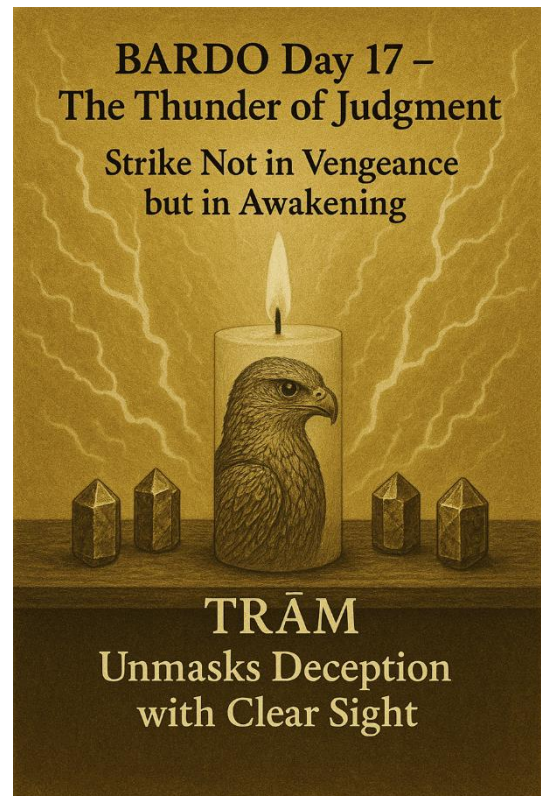
Colour: ***Gold-White Lightning.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Pyrite*** (lightning, solar judgment).

Animal: ***Falcon*** – piercing vision, solar justice.

Path: ***Unmasks Deception with Clear Sight.***

Seed Syllable: **TRĀM** (wrathful striking syllable)



Day 18 – The Mirror of Fear

Invocation: ***“All I Behold is My Own Shadow—Let Me Not Mistake it for Truth.”***

Colour: ***Ash Grey.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Smoky Quartz*** (dissolving fear).

Animal: ***Tiger*** – blazing stripes of destruction and majesty.

Path: ***Burns Away Falsehood with Primal Force.***

Seed Syllable: **KHROD** (wrathful presence syllable).

Day 19 – The Wrathful Cry

Invocation: *“Even the Roar of Slaying is My Own Cry for Freedom.”*

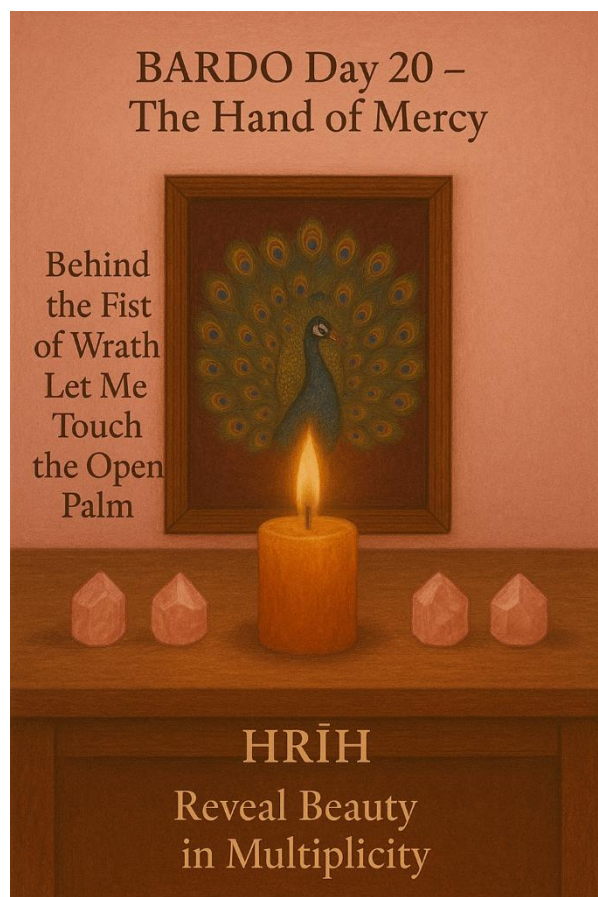
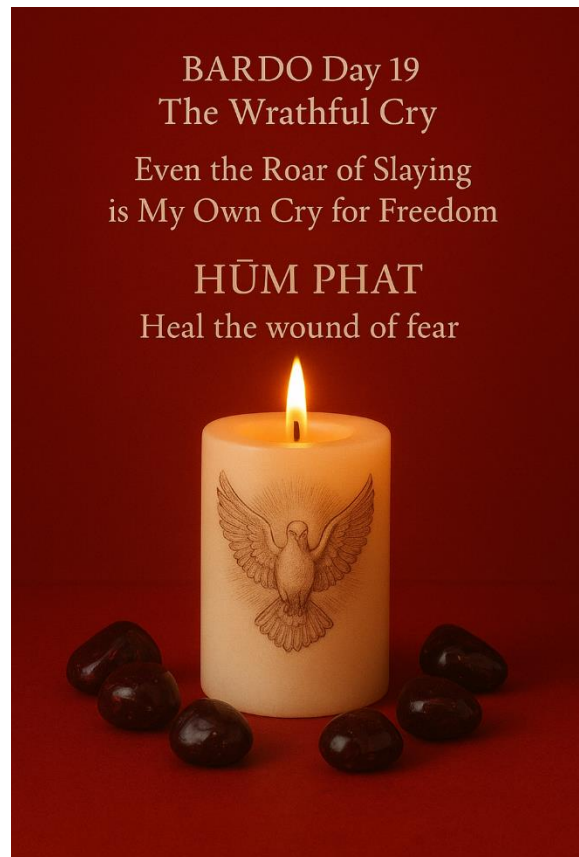
Colour: **Burning Scarlet.**

Crystal/Mineral: **Garnet** (raw passion, blood flame)

Animal: **Dove** – bearer of gentleness and Spirit breath.

Path: **Heals the wound of fear.**

Seed Syllable: **HŪṂ PHAT** (cutting through fear, wrathful compassion)



Day 20 – The Hand of Mercy

Invocation: *“Behind the Fist of Wrath, Let Me Touch the Open Palm.”*

Colour: **Gentle Rose.**

Crystal/Mineral: **Morganite** (divine tenderness, mercy).

Animal: **Peacock** – radiant eyes of divine glory.

Path: **Reveals Beauty in Multiplicity.**

Seed Syllable: **HRĪḤ** (pure compassion, Amitabha's, Buddha of Infinite Light, love)

Day 21 – The Halo of Trust

Invocation: ***“Silence Beyond Terror, Cradle Me Now.”***

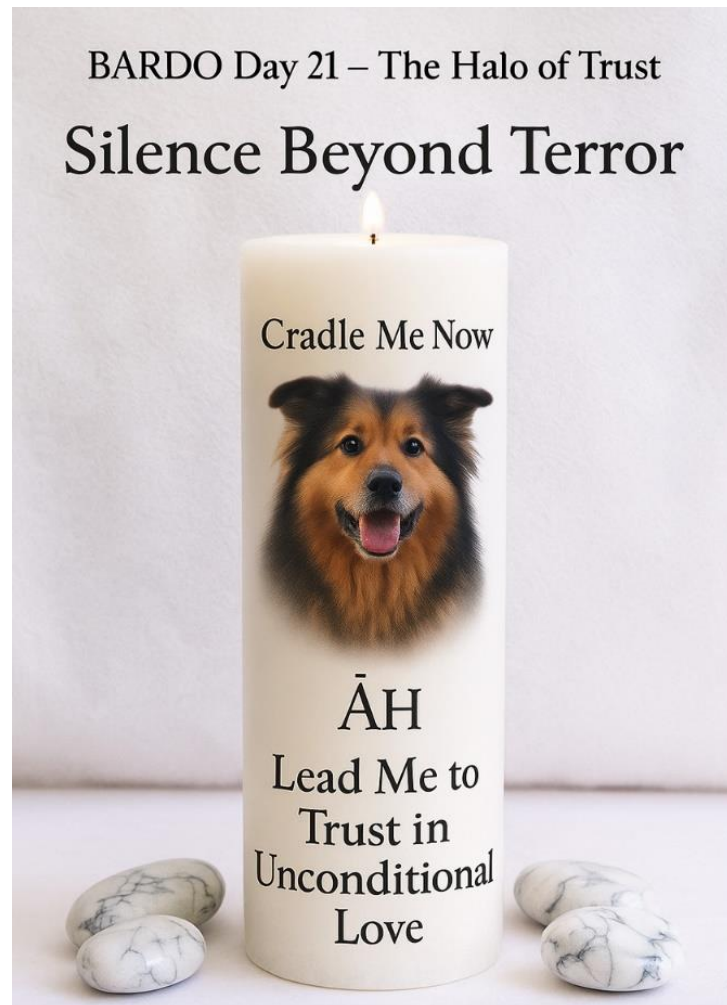
Colour: ***Pearl White.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Howlite*** (peace, stillness, silence).

Animal: ***Dog*** – *faithful companion, loyalty beyond death.*

Path: ***Leads the Soul to Trust in unconditional Love.***

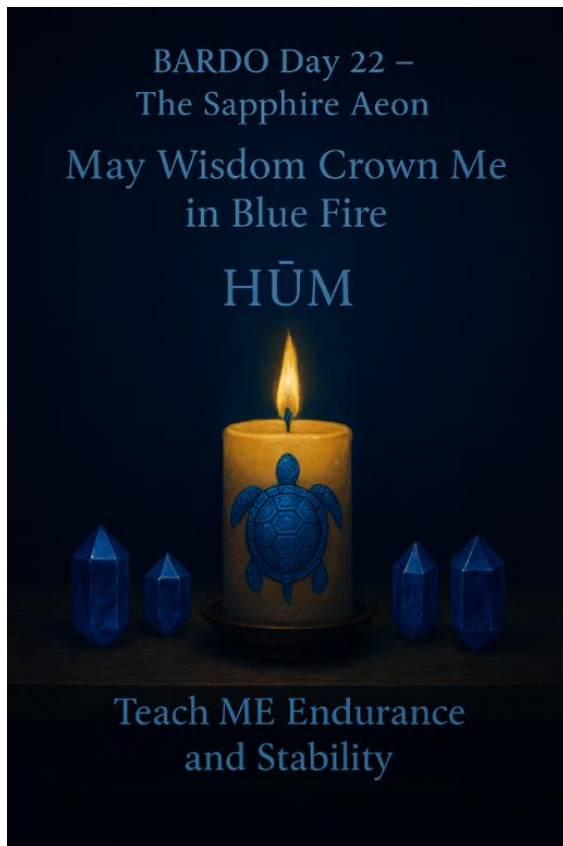
Seed Syllable: ***ĀH*** (dissolution into silence).



Week Four – The Radiances of the Aeons

Colours: crystalline spectrum, rainbow light, Aeonic hues.

Tone: ***Expansion into Divine Emanations***



Day 22 – The Sapphire Aeon

Invocation: ***"May Wisdom Crown Me in Blue Fire."***

Colour: ***Deep Sapphire.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Blue Sapphire*** (wisdom, clarity).

Animal: ***Tortoise*** – patient ground-bearer.

Path: ***Teaches Endurance and Stability.***

Seed Syllable: **HŪM** (mirror-like wisdom, East).

Day 23 – The Emerald Aeon

Invocation: ***"May Compassion Green My Heart in Fullness."***

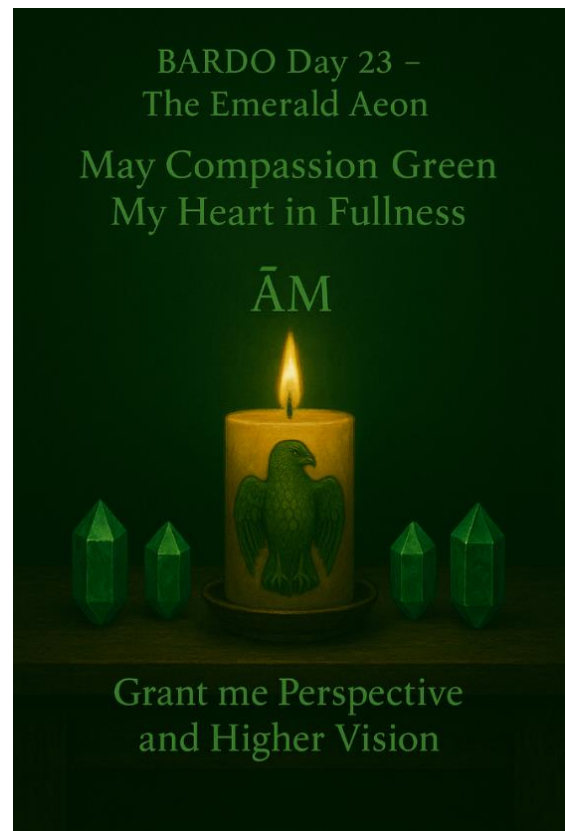
Colour: ***Living Green.***

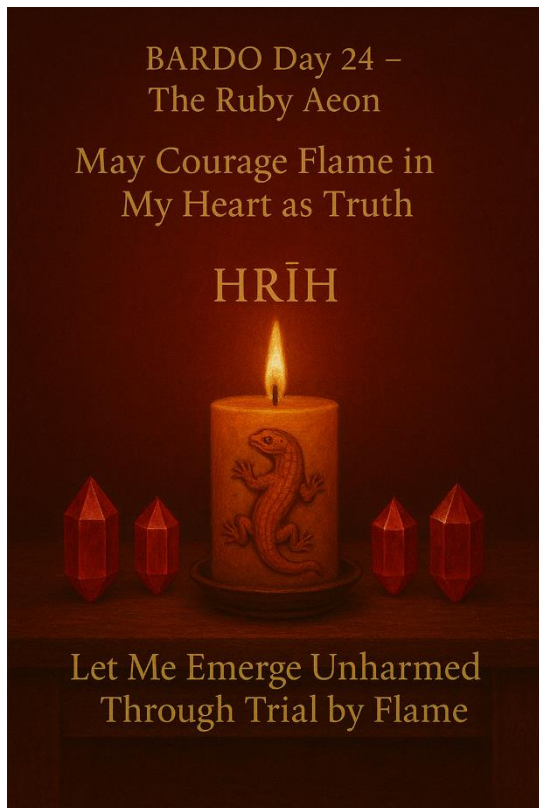
Crystal/Mineral: ***Emerald*** (healing, compassion).

Animal: ***Hawk*** – freedom of the sky.

Path: ***Brings Perspective and Higher Vision.***

Seed Syllable: **ĀM** (accomplishing action, North).





Day 24 – The Ruby Aeon

Invocation: ***“May Courage Flame in My Blood as Truth.”***

Colour: ***Ruby Red.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Ruby*** (courage, heart-fire).

Animal: ***Salamander*** – fire-born survivor.

Path: ***Emerges Unharméd Through Trial by Flame.***

Seed Syllable: **HRĪH** (love & compassion, West).

Day 25 – The Diamond Aeon

Invocation: ***“May Clarity Pierce, the Veils of Forgetting.”***

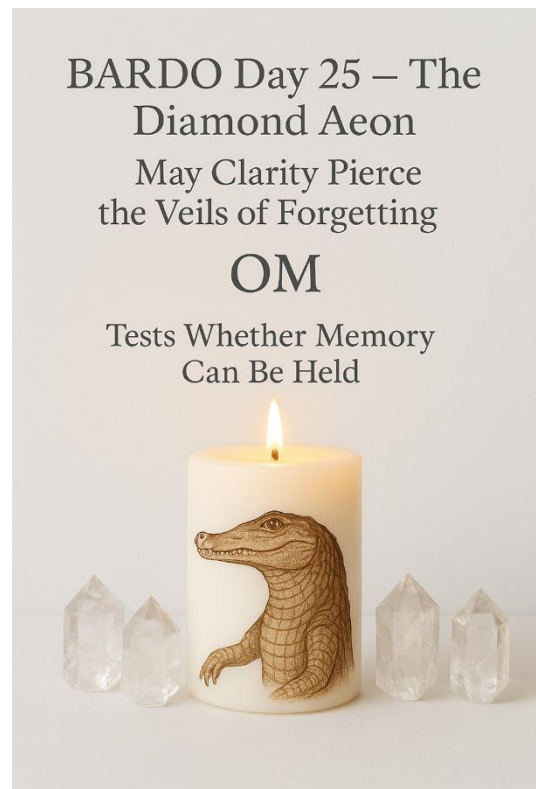
Colour: ***Diamond White.***

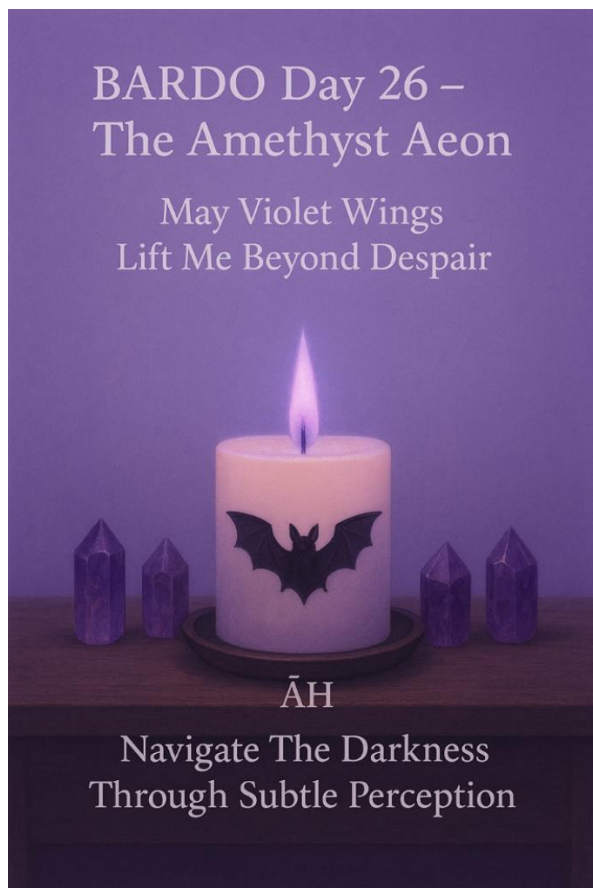
Crystal/Mineral: ***Diamond*** (clarity, incorruptibility).

Animal: ***Crocodile*** – lurking in the river of Lethe.

Path: ***Tests Whether Memory Can Be Held.***

Seed Syllable: **OM** (all-pervading light, Centre).





Day 26 – The Amethyst Aeon

Invocation: ***“May Violet Wings Lift Me Beyond Despair.”***

Colour: ***Violet Light.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Amethyst*** (spiritual transformation).

Animal: ***Bat*** – guided by echolocation.

Path: ***Navigates Darkness Through Subtle Perception.***

Seed Syllable: ***ĀH*** (wind-element speech, North).

Day 27 – The Topaz Aeon

Invocation: ***“May Golden Joy Illumine the Path Ahead.”***

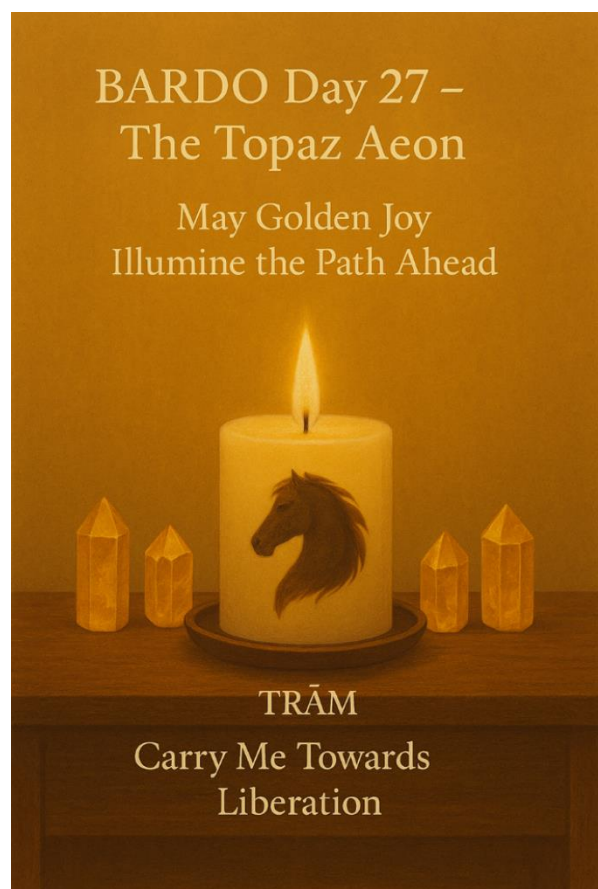
Colour: ***Amber-Gold.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Golden Topaz*** (joy, illumination).

Animal: ***Horse*** – thunder-hooves, wild power.

Path: ***Carries the Soul Toward Liberation.***

Seed Syllable: ***TRĀṂ*** (richness, South).



BARDO Day 28 – The Rainbow of Aeons

May All Colours Dissolve
Into One Light

OM ĀH HŪM HRĪḤ ĀṂ



Teach Me Eternal
Renewal and Awakening

Day 28 – The Rainbow of Aeons

Invocation: ***“May All Colours
Dissolve Into One Light.”***

Colour: ***Iridescent Rainbow.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Opal*** (rainbow
light, union of all hues).

Animal: ***Coiled Snake*** – *coiled
axis, rising power.*

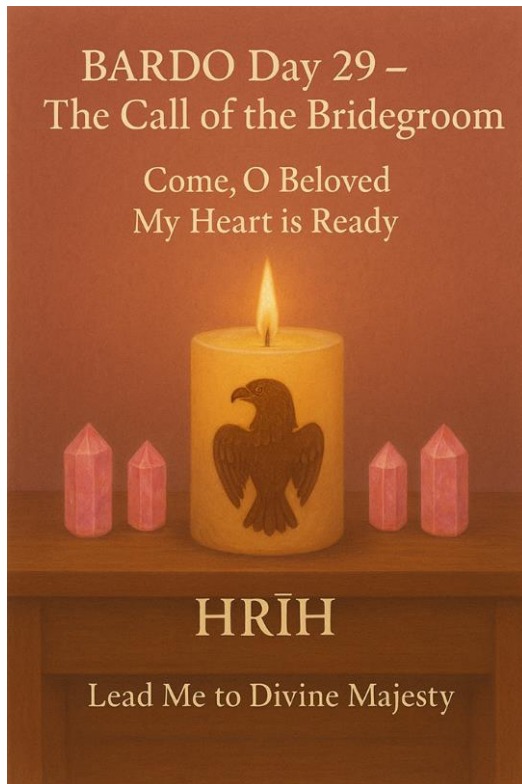
Path: ***Teaches Eternal Renewal
and Awakening.***

Seed Syllable: **OM ĀH HŪM
HRĪḤ ĀṂ** (union of all families).

Week Five – The Bridal Chamber

Colours: Rose gold, white, silver.

Tone: **Union of Soul and Spirit.**



Day 29 – The Call of the Bridegroom

Invocation: ***"Come, O Beloved, My Heart is Ready."***

Colour: ***Rose Gold.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Pink Tourmaline*** (invitation of love).

Animal: ***Eagle*** – *imperial flight toward the sun.*

Path: ***Leads to Divine Majesty.***

Seed Syllable: ***HRĪḤ*** (devotional union).

Day 30 – The Veil Lifted

Invocation: ***"May I Cross Into the Holy Chamber Unafraid."***

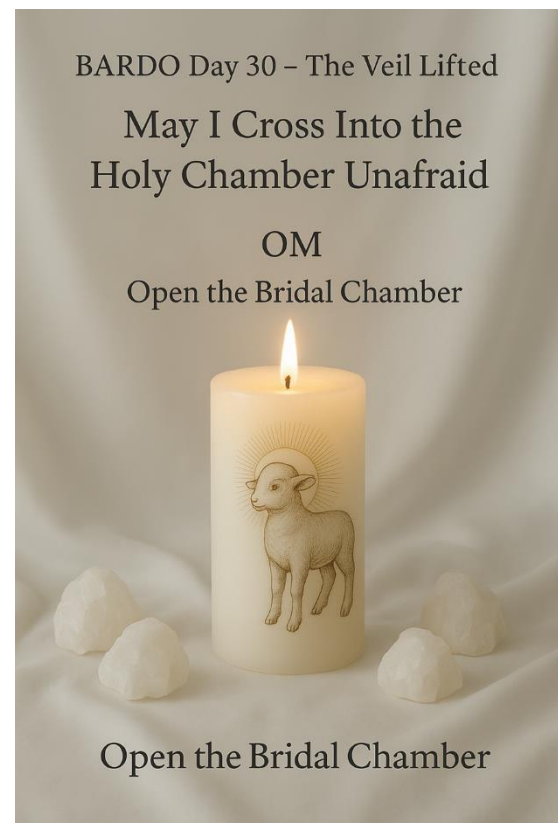
Colour: ***White Silk.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***White Calcite*** (purity, opening of veils).

Animal: ***Lamb*** – *innocence wedded to innocence.*

Path: ***Opens the Bridal Chamber.***

Seed Syllable: ***OM*** (revelation of form).





Day 31 – The Two Become One

Invocation: ***“Let Soul and Spirit Be Wed in Light.”***

Colour: ***Blushing Rose.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Twin-Crystal Quartz*** (union, sacred marriage).

Animal: ***Dove-Serpent*** – fusion of innocence and gnosis.

Path: ***Reveals healing wisdom of paradox.***

Seed Syllable: ***HŪM*** (union of minds).

Day 32 – The Kiss of Logos

Invocation: ***“May the Word Breathe Life Into Me Anew.”***

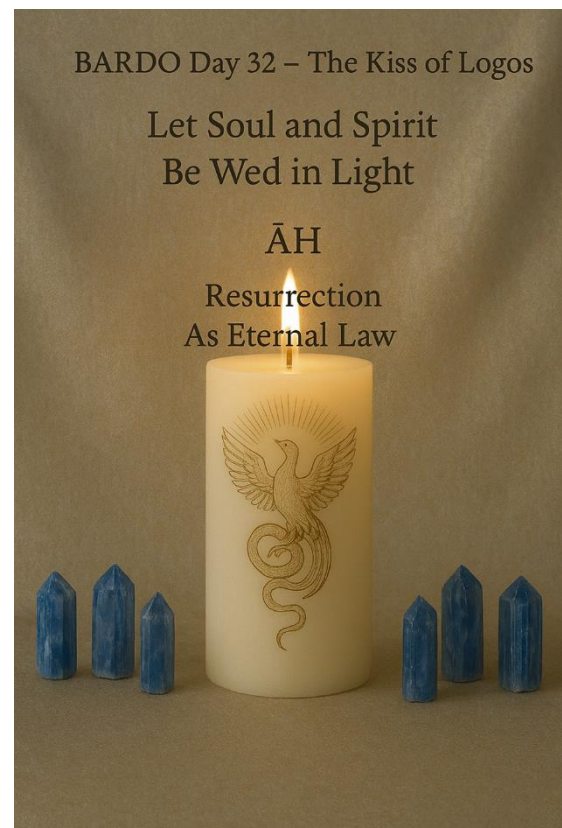
Colour: ***Silver-Gold.***

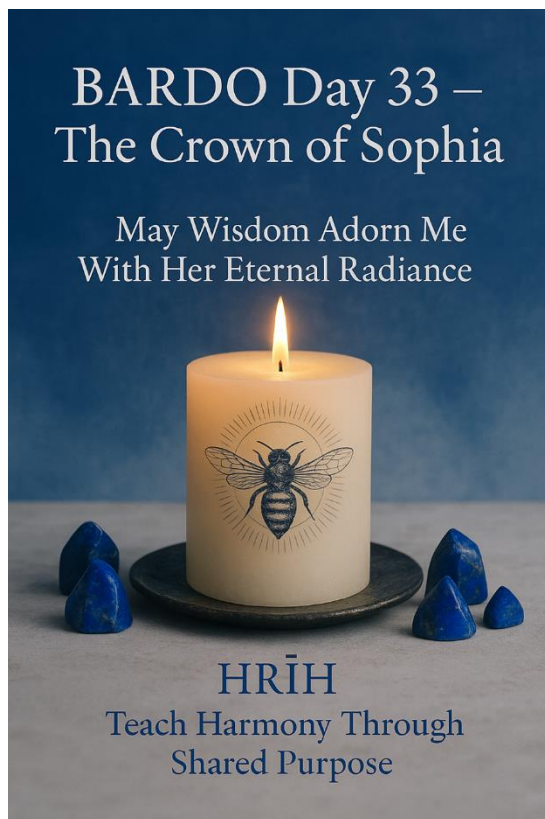
Crystal/Mineral: ***Blue Kyanite*** (truth aligned, word embodied).

Animal: ***Phoenix*** – death and rebirth in luminous fire.

Path: ***Resurrection As Eternal Law.***

Seed Syllable: ***ĀH*** (truth & word as one).





Day 33 – The Crown of Sophia

Invocation: ***“May Wisdom Adorn Me With Her Eternal Radiance.”***

Colour: ***Sapphire-Crowned White.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Lapis Lazuli*** (crown of wisdom, Sophia’s jewel).

Animal: ***Bee*** – collective song, hive unity.

Path: ***Teaches Harmony Through Shared Purpose.***

Seed Syllable: ***HRĪH*** (wisdom’s crown flame).

Day 34 – The Feast of Union

Invocation: ***“Let Joy Overflow Where Separation Ends.”***

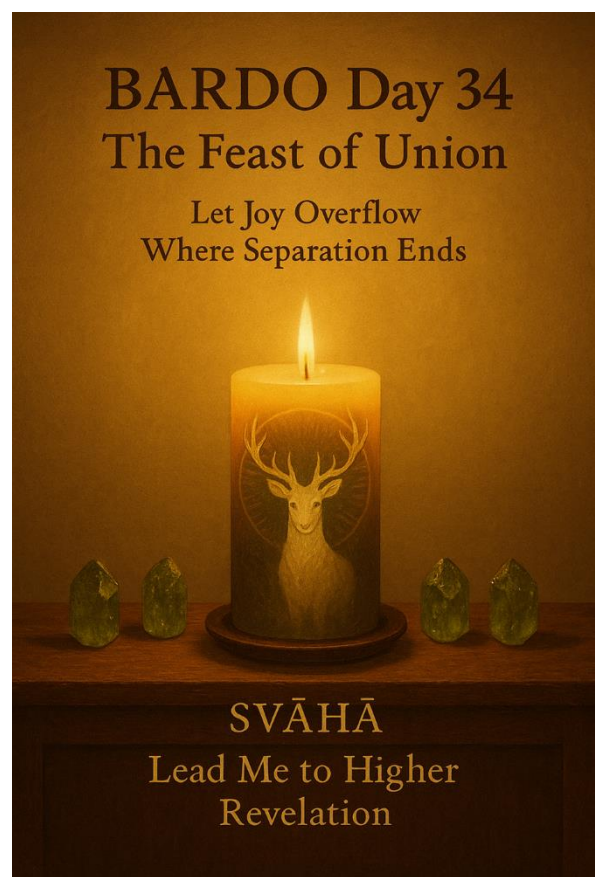
Colour: ***Golden Banquet Light.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Peridot*** (abundance, celebration).

Animal: ***White Stag*** – guide into mystery of Christ-Logos.

Path: ***Leads to Higher Revelation.***

Seed Syllable: ***SVĀHĀ*** (celebration, offering).



BARDO Day 35

The Seal of Eternity

Bind Me Forever
to the Light that is Love

PHAT



Opens Innocence
Into Gnosis

Day 35 – The Seal of Eternity

Invocation: ***“Bind Me Forever to the Light that is Love.”***

Colour: ***Crystal White.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Fluorite*** (sacred order, eternity).

Animal: ***Unicorn*** – *purity piercing illusion.*

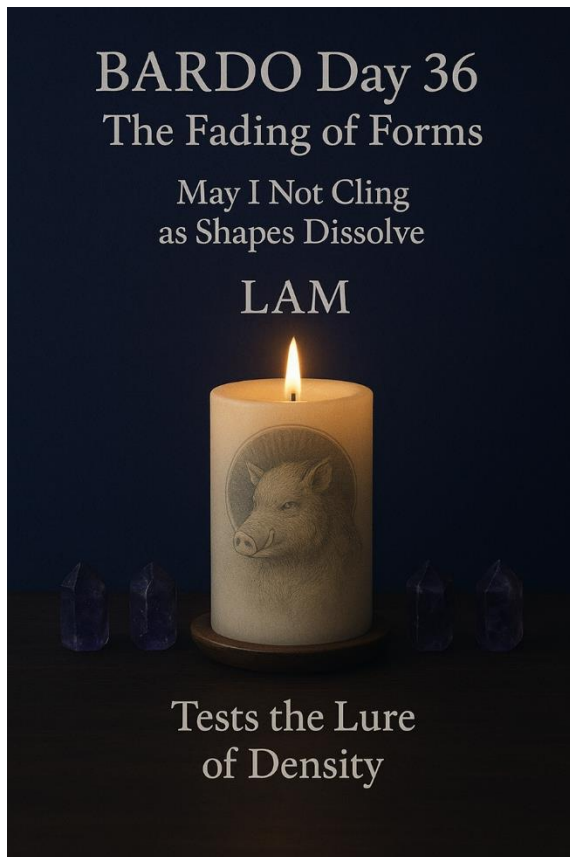
Path: ***Opens Innocence Into Gnosis.***

Seed Syllable: **PHAT** (final seal, indestructible mark).

Week Six – The Spiral of Dissolution

Colours: Dark blues, deep blacks, twilight shades.

Tone: ***Release of Forms, final Letting-go.***



Day 36 – The Fading of Forms

Invocation: ***"May I Not Cling as Shapes Dissolve."***

Colour: ***Twilight Indigo.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Lolite*** (dissolving forms, inner vision).

Animal: ***Boar*** – heavy appetite, pull to earth.

Path: ***Tests the Lure of Density.***

Seed Syllable: ***LAM*** (earth element dissolving).

Day 37 – The Unweaving of Time

Invocation: ***"May the Past Unravel Gently Into Now."***

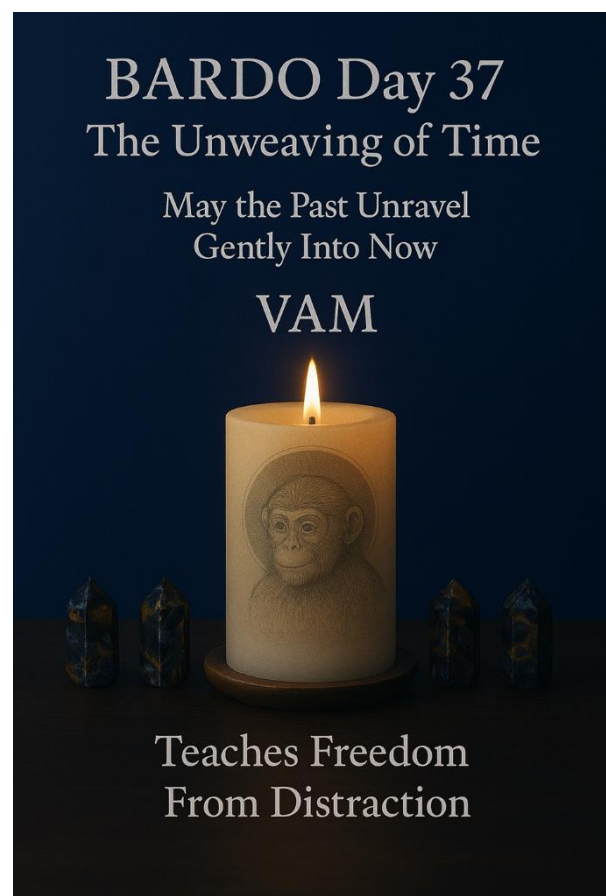
Colour: ***Deep Blue.***

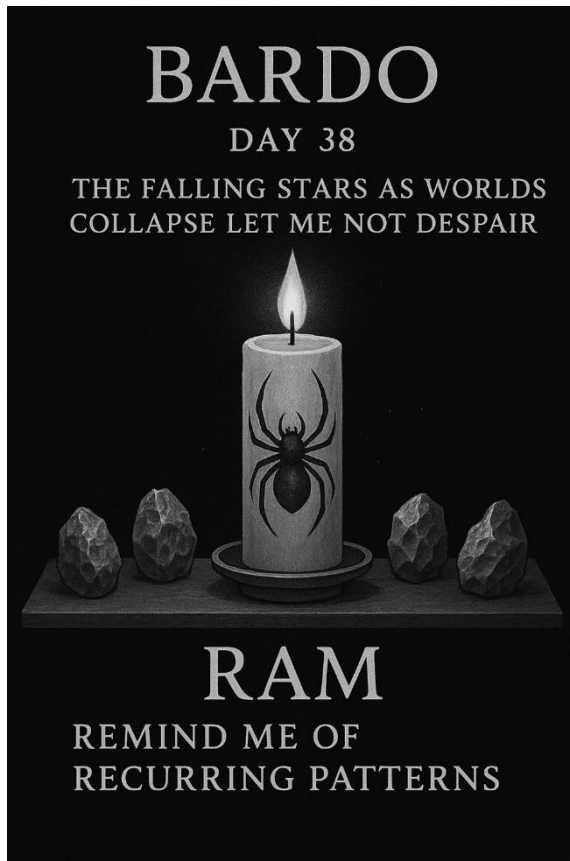
Crystal/Mineral: ***Pietersite*** (storm stone, time unravelling).

Animal: ***Monkey*** – restless mind, playful illusion.

Path: ***Teaches Freedom From Distraction.***

Seed Syllable: ***VAM*** (water dissolving).





Day 38 – The Falling Stars

Invocation: *“As Worlds Collapse, Let Me Not Despair.”*

Colour: **Silver on Black.**

Crystal/Mineral: **Meteorite** (cosmic fall, stellar remembrance).

Animal: **Spider** – showing return of unfinished threads.

Path: **Reminds of Recurring Patterns.**

Seed Syllable: **RAM** (fire dissolving).

Day 39 – The Ocean of Forgetting

Invocation: *“Let Me Sink Without Fear Into the Great Sea.”*

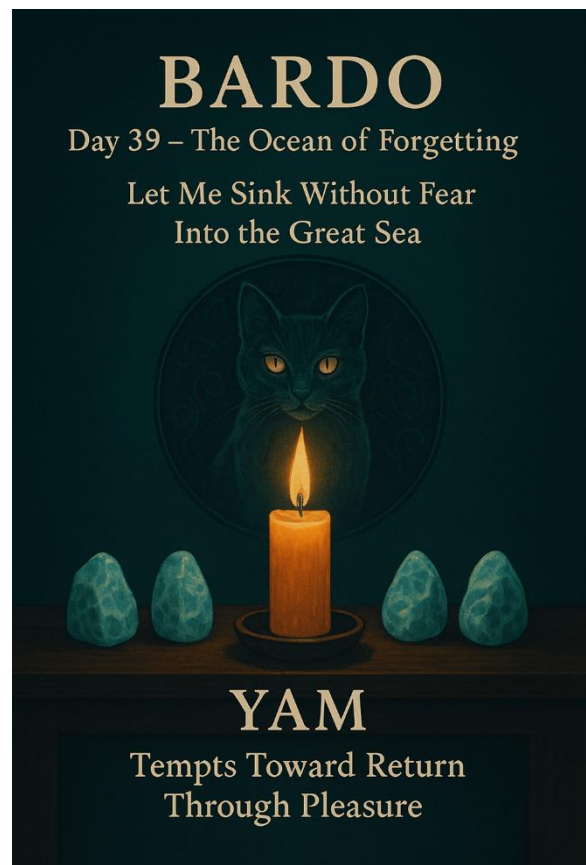
Colour: **Dark Teal.**

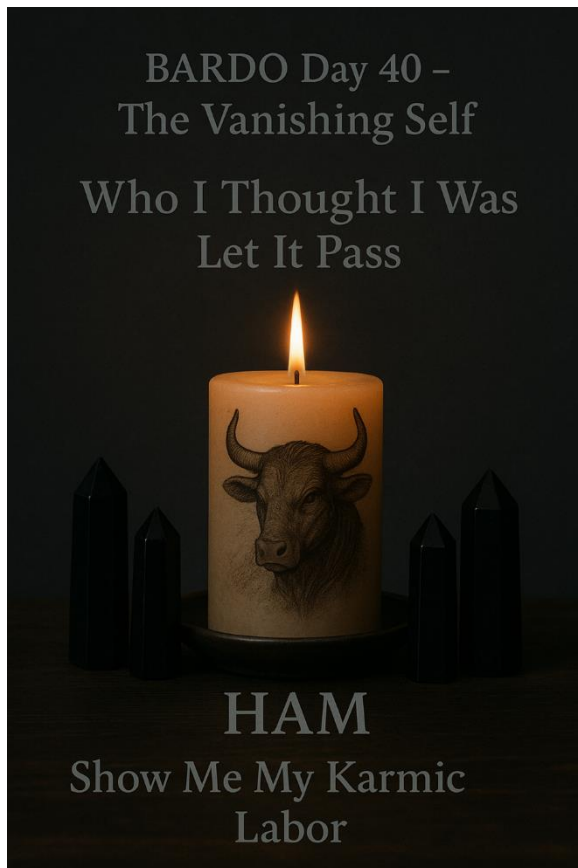
Crystal/Mineral: **Larimar** (deep oceanic stillness).

Animal: **Cat** – graceful beauty of embodiment.

Path: **Tempts Toward Return Through Pleasure.**

Seed Syllable: **YAM** (air dissolving).





Day 40 – The Vanishing Self

Invocation: ***"Who I Thought I Was, Let It Pass."***

Colour: ***Shadow Grey.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Jet*** (release of identity, ancient fossil).

Animal: ***Ox*** – steady worker bound to the yoke.

Path: ***Symbol of Karmic Labor.***

Seed Syllable: ***HAM*** (space dissolving).

Day 41 – The Silence Between Worlds

Invocation: ***"In This Pause, May I Hear the True Sound."***

Colour: ***Midnight Blue.***

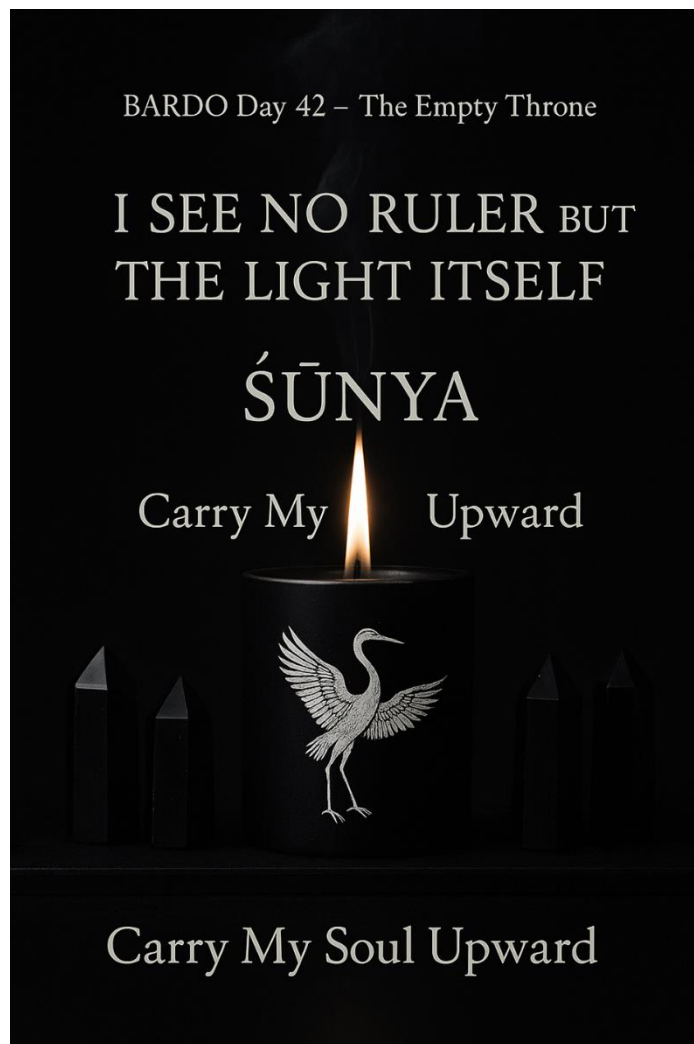
Crystal/Mineral: ***Nuummite*** (primal silence, shadow alchemy).

Animal: ***Piglet*** – innocence returning to growth.

Path: ***Acceptance of Rebirth With Humility.***

Seed Syllable: ***ĀH*** (emptiness breath).





Day 42 – The Empty Throne

Invocation: ***"I See No Ruler but the Light Itself."***

Colour: ***Void Black with White Flame.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Onyx*** (the void, the throne unoccupied).

Animal: ***Crane*** – long-legged pilgrim to the heights.

Path: ***Carries the Soul Upward.***

Seed Syllable: ***ŚŪNYA*** (emptiness syllable, void sound).

Week Seven – The Return to the Source

Colours: Dazzling gold, white, radiant rainbow.

Tone: ***Consummation, Homecoming, Eternal union.***

BARDO DAY 43 – THE RIVER OF LIGHT

May I flow With
the Eternal Current

OM

Let Me Face The Hidden Self



Day 43 – The River of Light

Invocation: ***“May I flow With the Eternal Current.”***

Colour: ***Shimmering Silver.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Celestite*** (flow into higher realms)

Animal: ***Panther*** – silent, shadow-stalker.

Path: ***Brings the Soul Face-to-Face with Hidden Self.***

Seed Syllable: **OM** (primordial sound).

Day 44 – The Mountain of Radiance

Invocation: ***“At the Summit, Behold the Eternal Sun.”***

Colour: ***Dazzling Gold.***

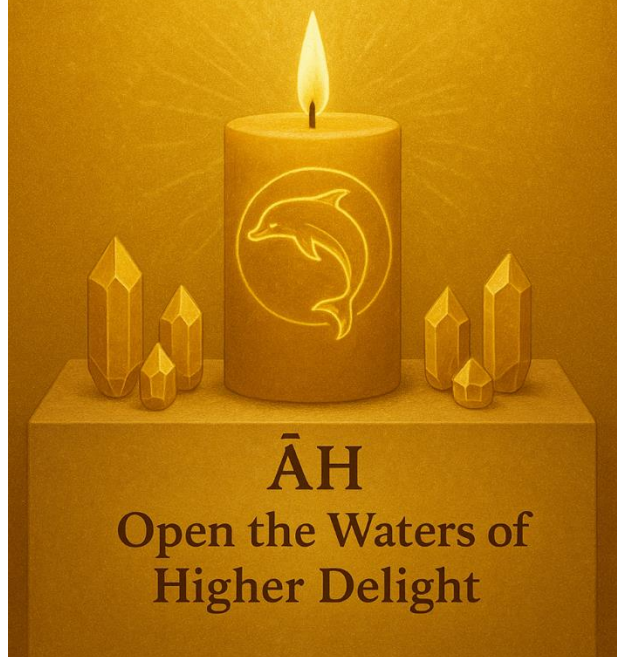
Crystal/Mineral: ***Gold*** (eternal summit, radiant glory).

Animal: ***Dolphin*** – joyous wisdom of play.

Path: ***Opens the Waters of Higher Delight.***

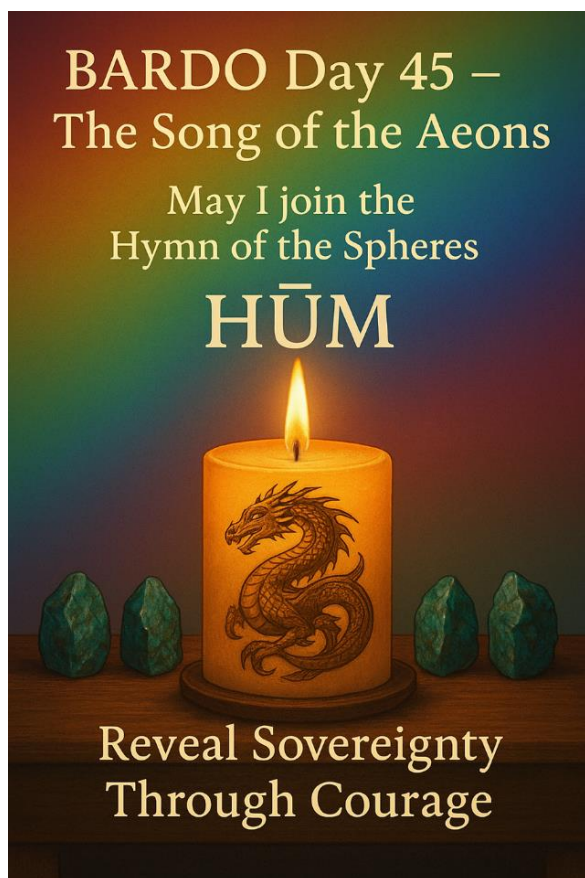
Seed Syllable: **ĀH** (truth revealed).

BARDO Day 44 – The Mountain of Radiance At the Summit Behold the Eternal Sun



ĀH

Open the Waters of
Higher Delight



Day 45 – The Song of the Aeons

Invocation: *"May I join the Hymn of the Spheres."*

Colour: **Harmonic Rainbow.**

Crystal/Mineral: **Chrysocolla** (harmony, cosmic song).

Animal: **Dragon** – guardian of treasure and final test.

Path: **Reveals Sovereignty Through Courage.**

Seed Syllable: **HŪM** (mind liberated).

Day 46 – The Great Friend

Invocation: *"You Who Walked Beside Me Unseen, Reveal Your Face."*

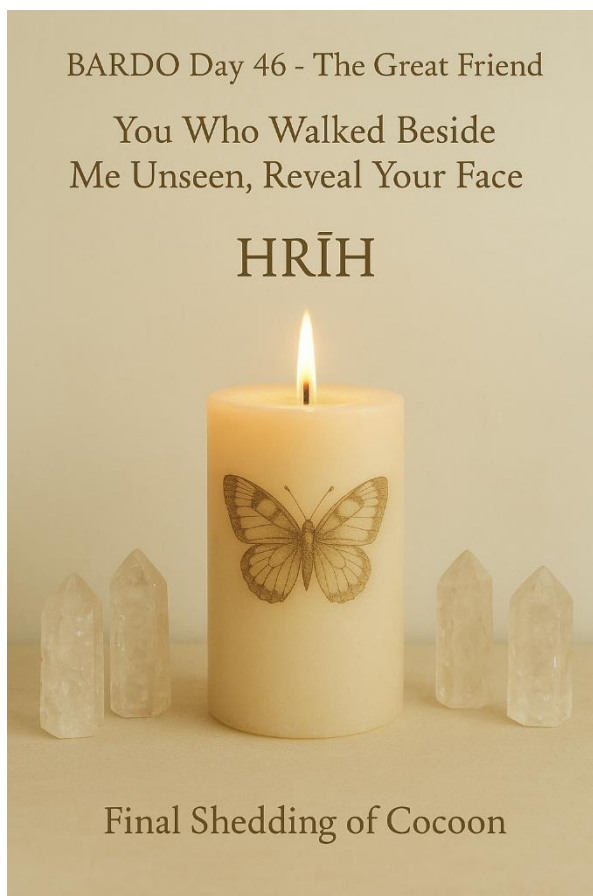
Colour: **Soft White-Gold.**

Crystal/Mineral: **Danburite** (companion of light, angelic presence).

Animal: **Butterfly** – delicate rebirth into light body.

Path: **Final Shedding of Cocoon.**

Seed Syllable: **HRĪH** (infinite compassion).



BARDO Day 47 – The Final Gate

Into the Source
Without Remainder, I Go

PHAT



Come, Beloved
Remember

Day 47 – The Final Gate

Invocation: ***"Into the Source, Without Remainder, I Go."***

Colour: ***Blinding White.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Phenacite*** (gateway crystal, blinding truth).

Animal: ***Nightingale*** – voice of the soul's longing.

Path: ***Calls the Beloved to Remembrance.***

Seed Syllable: **PHAT** (cutting through final illusion).

Day 48 – The Embrace of the One

Invocation: ***"All is Gathered, Nothing Left Outside."***

Colour: ***Infinite Radiance.***

Crystal/Mineral: ***Kunzite*** (heart-surrender, divine embrace).

Animal: ***Transfigured Elephant*** – memory now sanctified.

Path: ***Holds Together All Lifetimes in Wisdom.***

Seed Syllable: **OM ĀH HŪṂ** (union of body, speech, mind).

BARDO Day 48
The Embrace of the One

All is Gathered
Nothing Left Outside

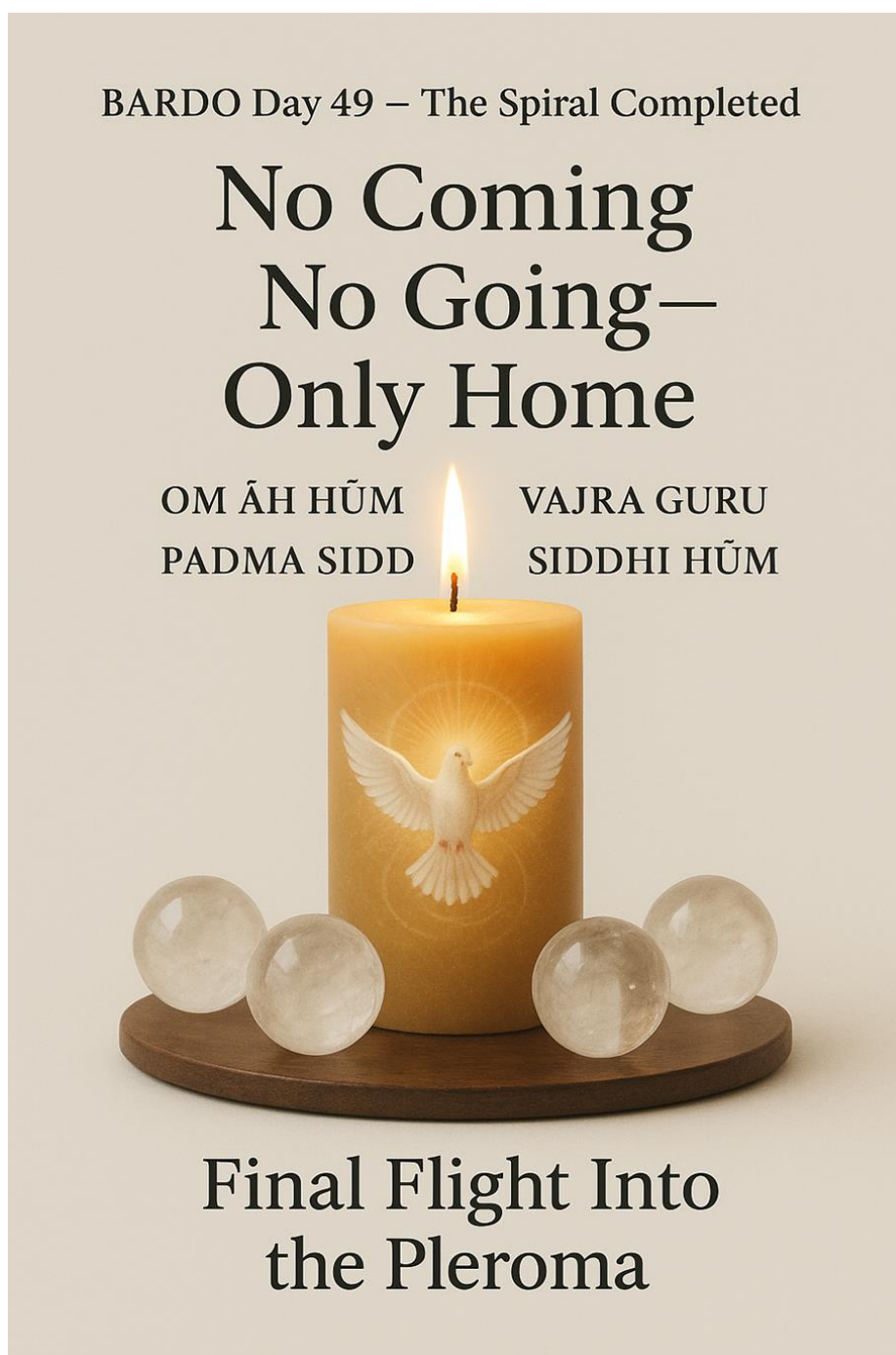
OM ĀH HŪṂ

Hold Together
All Lifetimes in Wisdom



Day 49 – The Spiral Completed

- Invocation: ***“No Coming, No Going—Only Home.”***
- Colour: ***Transparent Light.***
- Crystal/Mineral: ***Clear Quartz Sphere*** (wholeness, return, transparent light).
- Animal: ***White Dove*** – pure soul ascending.
- Path: ***Final Flight Into the Pleroma.***
- Seed Syllable: **OM ĀH HŪM VAJRA GURU PADMA SIDDHI HŪM** (Padmasambhava mantra, ultimate liberation seal).



The Benediction of the Living Light

O Radiance without shadow,
O Logos beyond the veil,
O Sophia of the Silent Depth,
*keep us in Your remembrance
as we cross the waters of becoming.*

*Let the Peaceful Hosts enfold us,
let the Wrathful Ones awaken us,
let the thunders of Gnosis strike our hearts
and leave us only flame.*

O Christ of the Living Fullness,
seal our eyes in the Light of the Aeons.
*Let not fear undo us.
Let not forgetfulness unmake us.*

As the worlds dissolve,
as the voices of illusion fall away,
clothe us in the Robe of Uncreated Fire.
***Carry us through the Gates of Sound
into the Bridal Chamber of the Real.***

*For Yours is the Silence before time,
and the Song beyond the stars,
and the Glory that gathers all names into One.*

Amen. Amen. Amen.
Amen of Fire. Amen of Light. Amen of Gnosis.

BOOK II

*To Those on a Soul Mission – The Return to the Shadow
Material World with Remembrance.*

THE BARDO OF BECOMING (Day 15 – 49)

Here the soul stands at the threshold, choosing the door through which it shall re-enter the cycle of birth.

The unawakened soul, bound by its own karma, is carried on the currents of the thoughts it clung to in the flesh. Yet even here, the light of awakening may still break through.

The awakened soul, arriving at this passage, follows the flame within and is drawn into the world aligned with its chosen and long-prepared mission of remembrance.

The Interval of Seeking the Womb

This is the Blessed Opening of what is named
“The Sacred Essence of Liberation by the Voice of the Word”—
a Living Reminder, a Clear Setting-Forth for the soul
as it moves toward the Mystery of Rebirth.

Here the soul chooses its door of return.
The unawakened soul, bound still by karma,
is carried on the wings of its own unfinished thoughts,
drawn again into the weaving of form.
Yet even now, awakening remains possible.
*For the soul that has kindled remembrance,
this threshold becomes not exile, but mission—
a re-entry guided by the inner flame
toward the world of its sacred work.*

The Invocation

To the Holy Trinity—
the Father of the Infinite,
the Christ, Eternal Logos,
and the Spirit of Wisdom, proceeding as Light and Life—

*To the Communion of Saints,
the Hidden Aeons,
and the Beloved Guides of the Soul,*

we bow in humble reverence:

May the soul be lifted from shadow into remembrance.
May the grace of Liberation be poured forth in the In-Between.

The Cantic

Above, in the Great Book of the Threshold,
we were instructed in the ***Bardo of Vision and Trial—Chönyid***,
where the soul beheld radiant Truth in Peace and Wrath.

Now we speak of the deeper wandering—
the ***Bardo of Becoming—Sidpa***,
where desire casts its final net,
and the Gate of Rebirth is sought—or overcome.

Refrain of Becoming

We have seen, and we are seen.
We have walked, and we are walking.
We are the flame, becoming fire.
We are the word, becoming voice.
We are the seed, becoming life.

So let it be. So let it be.

PART I

“These words are set forth that the soul, adrift in the Bardo of Becoming, may awaken to the rhythm of its sacred mind, clasp it with remembrance, and turn once more toward the Eternal Light.”

THE INVISIBLE WORLD BETWEEN DEATH AND BIRTH

Though many sacred reminders were revealed in the *Bardo of Vision*—when the Divine Forms shone forth in splendour—
not all souls could recognize them.

*Those who walked with the Inner Christ in life,
who kept vigil with the Living Light,
awakened swiftly and passed through the Gate of Radiance.*

*But others—bound by guilt, shadowed by fear,
weighed down by forgetfulness and the chains of desire—
turned away from the Countenances of Truth.
And so they wander still,
even unto this Fourteenth Day of Passing.*

For such as these, let the following be read aloud,
that their memory may be stirred
and their heart reoriented toward the **Gnosis of Liberation**.

THE SOUL-BODY IN THE BARDO

ITS ORIGIN AND POWERS

After honouring the Holy Trinity,
and calling upon the grace of the Saints and the Christed Ones,
speak the soul’s sacred name—three times, or seven.
Say unto it:

*“O noble child of the Most High,
fashioned in the likeness of the Eternal Image,
listen now with the inner ear.
Let your heart remember.”*



You have entered the phase of
supernatural birth:
not yet reborn into flesh,
nor yet released from the wheel of
longing.

Three days after the parting of body and
breath,
you beheld the Lights and the Lords—
Peaceful and Wrathful.
But you did not recognize them.
Fear overtook you, and you fainted from
the Truth.

Now you rise again,
a being of subtle fire,
woven of memory and desire—
clothed not in flesh, but in semblance.
This is the shadow-body of the Bardo,
like your former form,
yet only the outline of what may be born
anew.

As it is written in the Inner Mysteries:

“A soul clothed in semblance, endowed with senses,
unbound by matter,
moving as swiftly as thought,
visible only to those in like state—
this is the body of the Bardo.”

It arises from longing—
the craving for self, for form, for continuation.
Though luminous, it is illusion still,
a dream woven by the heart’s entanglement with the world.

If you are destined for rebirth among the shining ones (the devas),
visions of their realm will appear.
If into the world of men, beasts, or the underworld,
those images will beckon you.
Each soul beholds the likeness of its next becoming.
Thus the ancients spoke of “*the former and the yet-to-be produced*”—
the body once known,
and the body that waits in the womb of time.

But now, O soul, hear this:
cling not to these visions.

Desire them not.
Follow them not.

For to desire form is to bind yourself once more
to the chain of incarnations—
to birth and death, forgetting and sorrow.

Until now you could not recognize the
Bardo of Truth.
But even this moment is holy.
Freedom is yet possible.

Rest now in the state of no-doing, no-
striving.
*Sink into the Radiant Stillness once shown
to you by your guide—
the pure, undivided awareness of Christ
within.*
Let no thought disturb you.

If you can rest in that Ground,
you shall be delivered—
needing no womb, no world.

But if the Light seems beyond your grasp,
then turn wholly toward your Teacher
and Guardian—
whether Christ, the Virgin, Sophia,
or the Angel of the Presence.

Place them above the crown of your head.
Think of them with love and trust.
Let reverence fill your heart.

This, too, can guide you beyond the veil.

Be not distracted.
Be not afraid.
The door remains open.

Speak now to the soul with clarity and compassion.
If recognition dawns, the soul shall be delivered,
never again bound to the circuits of rebirth
among the Six Realms of Forgetting.

But if, through the weight of old errors—
what the ancients *called karmic bonds*—
recognition proves difficult,
then say to the soul these words:



TO THE SOUL WANDERING IN THE BARDO OF BECOMING

O noble child of the Light,
listen again, and remember who you are.

You are now clothed in a body not of flesh,
but of thought and desire.
This subtle, luminous form—unbound by matter—
is the veil you wear between the worlds.

***It is the mirror of your longings,
the echo of the forms you once knew.***

Know this: though in the earthly shell you may have been blind,
or deaf, or broken in limb,
here all your senses are restored.
Your sight is clear, your hearing sharp,
your awareness unclouded.

***This is not the body of the earth,
but the soul's image-form—
a garment of consciousness in the great In-Between.***

That you now walk in such a form is the sign:
you have died to the world of matter
and entered the Bardo of Becoming.

O child of the Aeons—remember the teaching.
Remember the Light.

O noble soul, listen well:
Because your body is woven of mind, not of earth,
you are no longer bound by the laws of matter.
You may pass through mountains and stone,
through houses and oceans,
through the great cosmic Mount of the Worlds—
which the ancients called Meru—
as breath passes through mist.

Only two places remain closed to you:
the ***Holy Womb***, where rebirth prepares itself,
and the ***Sacred Place of Awakening***,
where Light was first remembered on earth.

This freedom of movement is another sign:
you are in the Sidpa Bardo—
the realm of choosing, the realm of becoming.

O remember, remember!
Call out to your Master,
your holy guide, the Shepherd of your soul—
*Christ the Redeemer, Divine Sophia,
the One who bore you in the Beginning.*

O beloved soul, you now possess miraculous
powers.

But be not deceived by them.

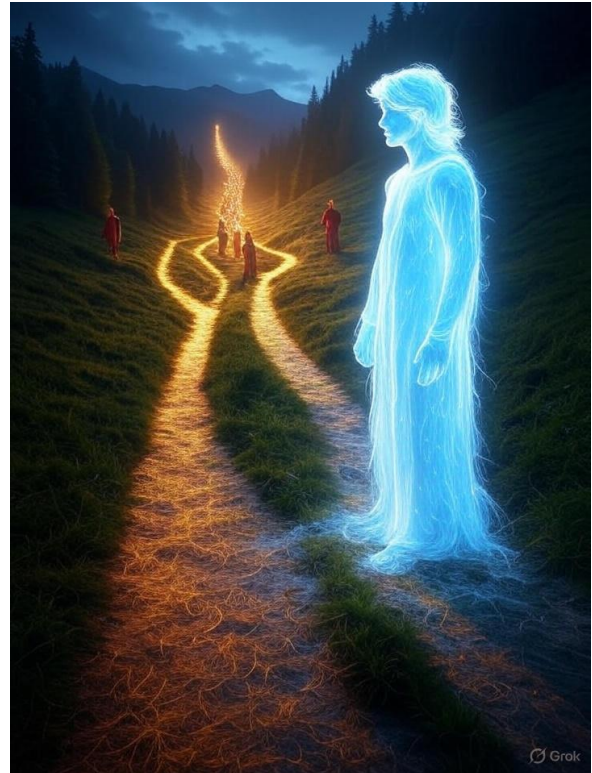
You may traverse the four corners of the
cosmos with a single thought.
You may change form, appear where you will,
become light or shadow.

Yet know this:

*these are not the gifts of holiness,
but the play of unresolved desire.*

*They are flickering of old mind-patterns,
not the fruits of true sanctity.*

They are powers born of karma, not of grace.



Desire them not.

Desire not to impress.

Desire not to escape.

Call instead upon the Holy One.



O soul of divine lineage,
you will encounter others like yourself—
wandering souls of kindred vibration.
Those destined for the higher realms will see
companions ascending.
Those still bound to earth will behold its
shadows once more.

But do not cling to these faces.

Do not linger among these illusions.

Turn instead toward the *Radiant Christ*,
the *Eternal Word* who waits above your
crown.

Turn your gaze inward.

Pray with longing and with love.

Lift your heart beyond memory and fear.

Mantra of Remembrance

Child of Light, remember who you are.

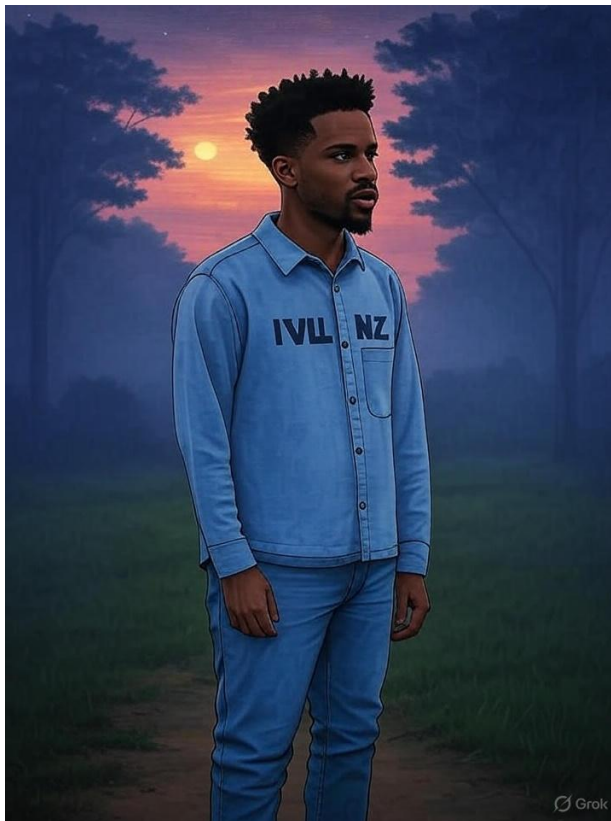
Child of Light, return to your star.

Child of Light, the Way is near.

Child of Light, no more fear.

(repeat as needed, with rising intensity or gentle echo)

ON THE ILLUSION OF GRIEF AND THE MIRAGE OF EARTHLY BONDS



Pray to your guiding angel.
Release the house of clay.
Let go, let go.

O soul, now you shall behold again the
house once called your own.
You shall see your beloved, your kin, your
friends.
You may even try to speak—yet they shall
not hear.
You may stretch out your hand—yet you
shall grasp only silence.

And when you see them weeping, your
heart will ache.
You will whisper, *“I am not dead! I am still
here!”*
But none will answer.
You shall feel abandoned, like a fish cast
from the sea,
flung upon burning stone.

Yet grieve not.
Sorrow will not help you.
Let not your grief bind you again to dust.
Pray instead to the Christ of Compassion.

THE TURMOIL OF THE WIND AND THE STORM OF KARMA

*Now rises the restless wind—
not of heaven, but of **old thought and habit**,
a storm of forgotten desire that carries you with no ground beneath your feet.
**You are as a feather blown by unseen breath,
riding the horse of memory, drawn by the tide of former deeds.***

You call to the mourners of earth,
but they do not reply.
You cry, *“I am alive! Do you not see
me?”*
but they see only silence.
So your sorrow deepens.

But grief is a phantom—let it pass.
Now a strange twilight surrounds
you—
neither day nor night,
a dimness that clings without end.
**In this condition you may wander
days, or weeks,
sometimes forty-nine days,
until the karmic current bears you
toward rebirth.
But no hour is fixed.
The weight of your choices alone
compels you.**



THE ASSAULT OF ARCHONIC ILLUSIONS

Then the wind shall become terrible.
Behind you it will roar—
a storm of voices crying: *“Strike! Slay! Destroy!”*

Fear not.
These are not real.
They are but the shadows of your fear.

You may behold demons—ghastly forms,
spirits gnawing flesh, monsters with weapons.
You may hear the cracking of worlds,
oceans breaking, mountains falling.
But all this is illusion.



Before you may open three dreadful
chasms—
one white, one black, one red.
They will seem vast, final, irresistible.
Yet they are not places,
***but masks of Anger, Lust, and
Ignorance—
echoes of what was never healed.***

Recognize them. Do not fall.
Know this with certainty:
you are in the Bardo of Becoming.

Therefore, say this prayer:

*“O Christ of Mercy,
O my Beloved Guide,
O Holy Trinity,
let me not fall into the wheel of sorrow.
Let me not wander among shadows.
Lift me into remembrance.
Let the Light I forgot return to me now.*

***Let me be reborn, not in flesh,
but in Spirit and in Truth.”***

*Say this with full heart and trust.
Let it be your compass and your cry.*

ON MERIT, ATTACHMENT, AND THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE INTERMEDIATE STATE

O soul, noble and radiant, born of the Light of the Most High,
listen with the ears of the heart.

Those who in life walked sincerely with the Word,
who practiced mercy, contemplation, and prayer,
now glimpse beauty and joy.
***They taste consolations,
as though lifted into arms of serenity.***

Yet beware even these delights.
*In the Bardo, **what pleases may bind,**
and **what dazzles may delay.***
Do not cling to fleeting sweetness.
Instead, offer it inwardly to the Trinity, saying:

***“May the fruits of merit be laid at the feet of the Christ,
and all glory be to the Father, the Word, and the Breath of Life.”***

Even if you feel only apathy—
a dullness like ash upon the soul—
do not be distracted.
***Let the mind rest in luminous silence.
Rest—not trying to rest.***

You may feel drawn to sanctuaries—altars, temples, bridges, holy towers.
You may pause in these thin places between the worlds.
But you cannot remain.
***You are no longer of the earth.
Your body of dust lies behind you.***

This impermanence may weigh heavy.
Your mind may flicker like a dying flame.
You may cry: *“Alas, I am truly dead! What
now?”*
Your soul may ache with exile and grief.

***Do not yield to grief.
It is not your end.***

You will hunger—not for food, but for
embodiment.
Know this: only prayers consecrated for
you can nourish the subtle form.
Seek not warmth among the living.
Seek not a body.
Desire for form will bind you again.

*Instead, let your mind rest in trustful
surrender.*
This is the door of liberation.
It opens now. Not later.



Invocation through Grief
Light of the Eternal, hold this soul.
Light of the Eternal, make them whole.

Invocation through Storm

Peace of the Eternal, calm this sea.
Peace of the Eternal, set them free.

Invocation through Illusion

Truth of the Eternal, shine so clear.
Truth of the Eternal, draw them near.

Invocation through Temptation

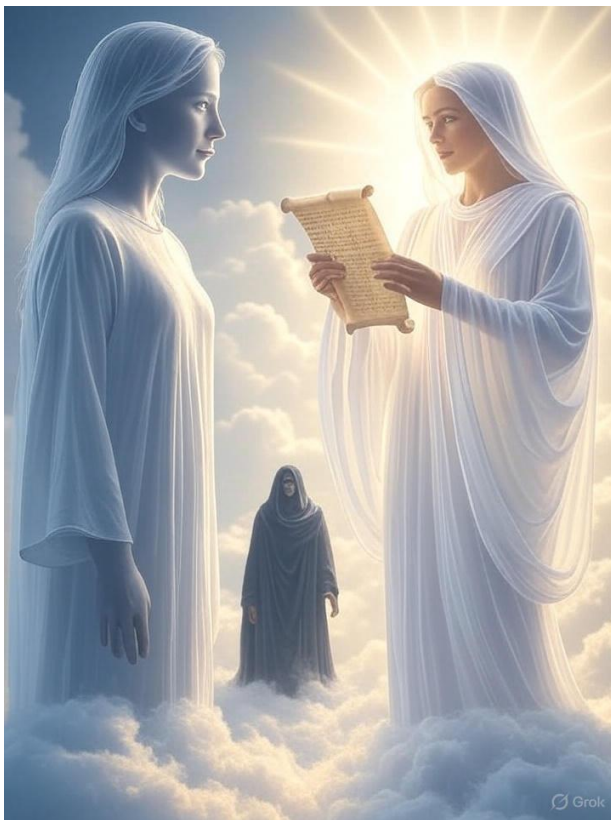
Love of the Eternal, guard this way.
Love of the Eternal, be their stay.

Each can be recited two or three times in succession, allowing rhythm and repetition to work as a steady force.

THE JUDGMENT WITHIN: THE HIDDEN WEIGHING OF THE HEART

And if the soul still does not recognize the holy path before it,
let the Guide speak again, calling the soul by name, and say:

“O beloved one, child of the Eternal,
what you suffer now is not punishment from another hand.



It is the echo of your own deeds—your own choosing.

***Your shadow has shaped this path.
Therefore pray to the Holy Trinity,
whose mercy is deeper than memory.”***

If you cannot remember how to meditate,
if inner silence is lost to you,
then behold: your twin companions now
arise—

The Bright Witness, born with you from the
Aeons,
*who holds the record of your truth, kindness,
and service;*
and ***the Dark Companion***, born from
forgetting,
*who bears the weight of pride, deception,
and cruelty.*

You will be afraid.

You will be tempted to lie, to say: ***“I did no
wrong.”***

But the Lord of the Mirror, the great Archangel of Truth, will come.
He will hold aloft the Karmic Mirror—

a crystalline vision of your whole life.

Every moment will be shown. Nothing hidden. No use denying.

You may see dread angels place a
cord upon your neck,
dragging you forward, cutting,
tearing—
as though you were devoured,
dismembered.

But listen—be not deceived.

You cannot die here.

Your body is not of flesh, but of
thought.

You are clothed in the garment of the
soul.

***These tormentors are phantoms of
your belief—
fears given shape, shadows wearing
masks.***

The Lords of Death, the Bull-Headed
Demons, the Accusing Spirits—
none of them are real.

***They arise from you, and they
dissolve into you.***



Therefore, say within yourself:

***“I am in the Bardo.
I dwell in the Place Between.
These are visions, not realities.
I will not be deceived.”***

THE FOURFOLD BODY OF LIGHT AND THE MOMENT OF RECOGNITION

O soul of royal descent, listen and do not turn aside.

The terrors you feel, the unravelling of form, the collapse of certainty—
these are signs that you stand at the veil of the Four Bodies of Christed Light

1. ***The Void Body (Dharma-Kaya)*** – the deep, impersonal Silence.
2. ***The Luminous Mind (Sambhoga-Kaya)*** – clear awareness, radiant with awe.
3. ***The Radiant Heart (Adi-Kaya)*** – indivisible union of Light and Emptiness.
4. ***The Manifest Grace (Nirmanā-Kaya)*** – radiance flowing outward in all directions.

All these are you.
They are not given from without.
They are what you are made of.

O noble soul, by recognition alone—by remembering what you are—
you may be liberated into one of these Forms of Light.

This is the boundary between the lost and the redeemed.

Do not look away.
This is the moment.
If you falter now, *you may wander again for aeons.*
But if you see clearly—
then in a single breath, the Gates of the Pleroma open to you.

As it is written:

***“In a moment, the difference is made.
In a moment, the Christ is remembered.
In a moment, the soul is crowned with Light.”***

THE FINAL EXHORTATION BEFORE THE THRESHOLD CLOSES

O soul most radiant, spark of the Pleroma,
the Bardo has unfolded before you—
light after light, form after form—
yet you have not recognized it,
for distraction clouded your vision, and terror took root.

But listen: this moment still holds power.
*If you turn inward now—if you recognize what is Real—
liberation will be granted.*
But if you falter again, if you *slip once more into forgetfulness*,
the golden thread of Divine Compassion may loosen,
and you will pass again into the wheel of separation and birth.

Be vigilant. Be still. You are not abandoned.

IF THE SOUL DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO MEDITATE

If the one crossing the Threshold is unlearned,
without scripture or practice, speak thus:

“O beloved one, if you cannot meditate, then remember.
Remember Christ, your true Shepherd.
Remember the Spirit, who hovered over the waters.

***Remember the Invisible Church, the Communion of Saints.
Remember the Living Word."***

Call to mind the Name whispered to you at baptism or initiation—
the secret name given by the Aeons through your guide.

Say it now. Say the name of your Teacher.

Say the name of your God.

Even if you feel as though falling into abyss or shadow,
you will not be harmed.

These are phantoms.

Hold no awe. Hold no fear.

*Rest now in Light,
walk in Truth,
abide in Love.*

(repeated three times, slowly, like a chant)

THE POWER OF THOUGHT IN THE INTERMEDIATE STATE

Speak again to the soul, for recognition is still possible:

O noble one, what you now feel will shift swiftly—
moments of joy, then sorrow, each sharp and fleeting,
like the twang of a bowstring.

Be not pulled by either.

Let neither elation nor grief govern your path.

If you are destined for higher realms,
you may now glimpse the world into which your soul could rise.

But beware the pull of anger and attachment.

If those who remain on earth act wrongly in your name—

if they kill for your honour,

or pray in error,

or profane the sacred rites—

do not let resentment rise.

***One angry thought, one flicker of condemnation,
may cast you into the realms of pain.***

Even if you see your wealth squandered,
your house taken, your name forgotten—
cling not.

You cannot hold what belongs to dust.

Release it. Offer it.
*Place all into the hands of the **Eternal Trinity**,
into the **Christ-Light**,
into the **Wisdom of Sophia** who enfolds all things.*
Release all grasping.
Cling to nothing.

ON SEEING FAULTS IN THE LIVING AND THEIR RITUALS

Even if your funeral rites are poorly performed—
if the priest nods in slumber,
if prayers falter,
if offerings are muddled and the sacred space profaned—
do not fall into bitterness.
Do not fall into disbelief.

You may think: *“They are failing me.”*
But do not think so.

Instead, say within:

*“The impurity I see is the blemish of my own perception.
It is my own mirror.
The priest is only a vessel;
the Word remains true;
the Church is the Body of Christ.
**I place my trust not in appearances,
but in the Divine.”***

If you hold to this,
even flawed rites will benefit your journey.

ON REDEMPTION THROUGH THE LOVE OF OTHERS

Even if you fall toward darker worlds,
yet if your friends or kin pray with true hearts,
if they offer gifts of mercy in your name,
if the faithful remember you with holy intent—
**then the joy you feel in seeing their light
will lift you upward,
like a dove borne upon the wind.**

That joy alone can reverse the current
and turn your path toward realms of peace.
Therefore, keep your heart open.

***Keep love pure.
Keep trust alive.***



THE CRUCIAL POWER OF THOUGHT IN THE BARDO

O child of the Divine, hear this summary:
In the in-between, the mind is like a feather in a storm—
without ground, without rest,
sensitive beyond measure.

Every thought—holy or unholy—now has great power.



Do not dwell on anger, lust, or despair.
Recall instead the acts of love you once performed.

Or if none come to mind, then simply offer love now:

***love for your guide,
love for the Light,
love for all beings.***

Above all, pray.

PRAYER OF THE WANDERING SOUL

Alas, I walk alone,
between the worlds,
parted from my beloved companions.

When the flickering images of my thoughts rise before me,
may I not be deceived.

May I see clearly.

May the Light of the Aeons shine through the veil.

When the storms of karma break over me,
may the Holy Guardian protect me.
When the roar of the Abyss thunders like a thousand voices,
may the Word of Christ transform them
into the sacred syllables of Life.

When no protector can be found,
may the Compassion of the Eternal hold me fast.
And when sorrow swells from within,
may the still radiance of Divine Peace
rise from the depths of my soul
and awaken me to the remembrance of Truth.

O Light beyond all shadows—receive me.
O Voice before all names—call me home.
O Christ—let me not forget You now.
Amen.

This prayer, spoken with the full resolve of the heart,
will illumine the soul and guide it homeward.
Even now, recognition may dawn.
Even now, liberation can be found.
This is a sacred moment.
Be not distracted.
The door still stands open.

It will serve you well if you understand the meaning of the lights of the worlds that you face now, for your choice now shapes the womb you will enter in forgetfulness. Your karmic burden to be healed through the lessons chosen, so choose well for your goal is awakening.

THE DAWNING OF THE LIGHTS OF THE SIX WORLDS

A Gnostic Exhortation to the Wandering Soul

Though this sacred instruction has been spoken many times,
if the soul remains veiled—still bound by shadow and forgetting—
call it again, gently, into remembrance.
Each word is a thread,
drawing the soul back toward the Light.

Say once more, calling the soul by name:

O noble soul, child of the Living God,
if you have not yet awakened to the truth of what has been revealed,
then listen now with the ears of your spirit.

The form of your former life fades like mist at dawn.
The outline of a new vessel glimmers with increasing colour.
This sight brings sorrow,
for it reveals how lost you feel—
**wandering, seeking form, seeking substance,
not knowing that longing itself conjures the prison.**

And so, you drift—realm to realm, desire to desire—
as the **Six Lights of Becoming**
begin to shine before you.
Each one a mirror of your own vibration.
Each one a gate of illusion.

The Lights of the Six Realms

O soul beloved, behold:

- A **dull white light** shines from the *Realm of the Shining Ones*—
the *Deva-world of forgetful pleasure.*
- A **dull green light** rises from the *Realm of the Archonic Titans*—
the *Asura-world of pride and strife.*
- A **dull yellow light** glows from the *Realm of Humanity*—
the world of *longing, confusion,*
and sacred possibility hidden in dust.
- A **dull blue light** gleams from the *Realm of Beasts*—
the world of *instinct, ignorance, and subjugation.*
- A **dull red light** burns from the *Realm of Hungry Spirits*—
the *Preta-world of craving and lack.*
- A **smoke-coloured light** oozes from the *Realm of Torment*—
the *Hell-world of wrath, self-hatred, and unhealed pain.*

Each light will pull upon your soul.
Each reveals where your vibration most aligns.
**Your form itself will begin to shimmer with its hue,
marking the realm that would claim you.**

But now, O radiant one, this moment is still holy.

Here lies the hidden grace of this teaching:

Whatever Light appears before you,

***see it not as prison, but as the cloak of
the Compassionate Christ.***

Whatever realm rises to meet you,

see it bathed in Sophia's wisdom.



This is the holy art

to transfigure illusion into Radiance.

To see every gate as a gate of Light.

If you can do this,
you will not fall into birth again.

The wheel will be broken.

The soul will ascend.

The Practice of Illusory Form and Divine Void

Now, remember your Beloved Guide—
your Christic Self, your Sophia, your tutelary Light.

Hold their Image before you.

But know they are not idol, but window.

See this Holy One in your heart—
real and unreal,
present yet insubstantial,
like heat above stone,
like a flame seen in dream.

This is the ***Pure Illusory Form.***

*Then, let the image dissolve—
melting from its edges inward
until nothing remains but light...
and then, silence.*

Rest there.
Do not grasp.
Do not hold.
Simply be.

Now let the Image return—



see it, feel it, love it—
and once more let it dissolve.
Alternate thus: *Form and Void,*
Beloved and Stillness,
Vision and Silence.

Finally, allow even your own self to
dissolve—
your awareness fading from its edges
inward—
until there is neither seeker nor
path,
but only Radiance without name.

The Final Union

Know this, O soul:

*Wherever the Breath of the Spirit flows,
Consciousness also flows.*

And wherever Consciousness flows,
there the Divine Body of Truth is already present—
the Fullness beyond form.

Abide now in this Great Silence.
Do not name it.
Do not resist it.
Do not mistake it for absence.

It is not void—
it is unborn Radiance,
infinite Awareness,
the Source from which all things arise.

Remain here:
uncreated, ungrasping, undistracted.

Here no birth can touch you.
Here the soul is crowned in the Light of Christ.
Here you awaken into Perfect Gnosis—
and never return.

PART II

The Process of Rebirth: The Closing of the Door of the Womb

These words are given so that when the soul wanders in the Bardo of Becoming, it may recognise the movements of its holy mind, embrace them, and turn toward the Light.

The Refusal of Incarnation and the Sealing of the Womb-Door

A Mystical Instruction for the Soul in the Bardo of Becoming

If even now the Radiance is not recognised—
if the soul remains veiled in forgetfulness, weakened by neglect, or entangled in the illusions of the lower Aeons—
then the currents of rebirth may begin to draw it toward the doors of flesh.

In such a moment, the instruction for closing the womb-door becomes holy beyond measure.

Call the soul by its sacred name and say:

O noble child of the Light,
if clarity has not yet dawned within you, know this:
the winds of karma now stir about you.
You may feel yourself rising, gliding, or falling—
driven by storms of memory, shadows of desire,
hailstones of thought, and the terror of unseen pursuit.

*Yet all these are phantoms, woven from your own longing.
Do not cling. Do not flee.*

Turn instead toward the *Compassionate One*.

Remember

Remember the Light.
Remember the Word that formed you.
Remember the Christ of Mercy
and She who is called Wisdom, the Holy Sophia.
Let their names be armour and anchor to your soul.

You may glimpse places of warmth or sorrow—
doorways of incarnation stirring on the horizon.
But these, too, are signs, not destinies.

*Here, even after long wandering, awakening is still possible.
Therefore hear these words, and let nothing distract you:*

The Art of Closing the Womb-Door

***If you feel yourself still drawn toward the world of form,
then this final act of holy refusal becomes vital.***

Say within your heart, and let it resound through your being:

“Now, in this holy moment,
as the world of forms rises before me,
I set my face toward the Light.
I close the gate to flesh and shadow.
I choose the stream of holy deeds.
I dissolve all jealousy and desire.
*I contemplate the Divine Union of Logos and Sophia—
the Sacred Father and Mother of my soul.
This is the hour for pure love, for steadfast resolve.”*

Repeat these words with all your strength.
Let them burn like fire in your chest.

The Signs of the Bardo

Know that you are in the Bardo of Becoming if:

- You look into water and see no reflection.
- You walk and cast no shadow.
- You reach for others, and they do not feel you.

You are no longer clothed in the body of dust.
You are spirit-light, suspended between time and form.

Now more than ever, *form a single and holy intention.*
Fix your will upon the Light,
as a sailor fixes the prow of a ship upon its harbour.

Whatever thought you hold now—
be it love or fear, compassion or resentment—
will set the course of your becoming.
Choose the current of mercy.
Join yourself to the chain of holy ones.
Remember your teacher.
Remember your anointing.
Remember the Voice that first called you into being.

This is the fulcrum—the razor’s edge of ascent or descent.
Even one breath of hesitation may cast you downward for ages.
Yet one instant of pure recognition
will free you forever.

This is the hour.
This is the moment.
Close the gate.
Hold fast to the One Purpose.
Let it burn in your heart like a star.
Only earnestness and pure love matter now.
Remember this, and you shall not fall.

THE FIVE SEALS AGAINST REBIRTH INTO THE WORLD OF FORM

The Sacred Refusal of Incarnation and the Final Stand in the Bardo of Becoming

A Gnostic Instruction for the Soul to Avoid Descent into the Flesh

These are the ways by which the gate may be sealed:

1. To prevent the soul from seeking entry.
2. To close the threshold of incarnation.

First Method: Remaining in Stillness

O noble soul, hear now the wisdom of the Light:
Whoever is your Guide—be it the *Christ of Infinite Compassion*,
the *Virgin of Silence*, or the *Guardian of Gnosis*—
bring them before your mind’s eye.

See them as the moon reflected upon still waters:
luminous, perfect, yet without substance.
Real in vision, yet free from matter.

This is the Mystical Form of Illusion—
the pure image that is not bound by flesh.

Let this image dissolve from the edges inward
until only *Radiant Silence* remains.
Abide then in the Great Brightness—
neither form nor void, but both—
the Light before all beginnings.

*If you can remain here,
no womb shall open to you.*

Second Method: The Vision of Union and the Contemplation of Holy Parents

O radiant soul, seeker of the Light—
if even now you feel drawn to embodiment,
visions may arise of man and woman in carnal union,
calling you into form.

When this vision comes—enter not between them.
Do not bow to the illusion of desire.

Instead, behold in them your Heavenly Father and Divine Mother—
the Logos and Sophia in holy embrace.
*Bow with reverence. Offer love, not lust.
Ask for wisdom, not flesh.*

Say within yourself:
***“Grant me not womb, but Word.
Not form, but remembrance.
Not shadow, but shining.”***

If you sustain this worship, the gate will close.
And if desire still persists,
fix your gaze upon your tutelary Light—
*the Christ, the Shekinah, your inner Teacher—
and pour devotion upon them.
Offer gifts unseen, longing unspoken,
until the descent is halted.*

Third Method: Renouncing Attraction and Repulsion

Yet if you feel yourself already drawn into form—
as sperm and ovum prepare their union—
know that attraction and aversion will shape your rebirth.

If male, you may feel love for the mother, aversion to the father.
If female, love for the father, resentment toward the mother.
*These are karmic mirages—
desire and jealousy masquerading as destiny.*

In that moment, declare:
“Woe unto me, who wandered long in illusion!
Bound by attraction and repulsion,
I mistook emotion for truth, form for spirit.”

**No more.
I choose liberation over longing."**

Hold this vow as fire in your chest.

For it is written:

"The Gate is sealed by the soul that sees through its hunger."

Fourth Method: The Doctrine of Unreality

If still the illusion persists, take refuge in higher knowing:

All you see is not real.

Say within yourself:
"This union of flesh, these storms of desire,
these apparitions of mother and father,
this trembling world—
they are illusions, shadows upon the wall of matter.
They are echoes, reflections, mist.
I mistook the dream for the dawn, the image for the essence.

The moon in water is not the moon.

The body is not the soul.

The seen is not the Real."

***Let this truth rise within you until the vision dissolves
and the door is sealed in stillness.***

Fifth Method: The Mystic Abiding in the Clear Light

If none of these avail, if every illusion clings still,
then retreat into the innermost chamber of your soul
and rest in the Clear Light.

Say:
"All that I perceive is thought,
and thought itself is a ripple upon the Uncreated.
My mind is not a thing—it is pure shining,
neither born nor ended.
*I surrender form, striving, and knowing,
and fall like water into water."*

Let your awareness dissolve like breath into sky.

Do not grasp, not even for peace itself.

In such abiding, the womb-door shall never open.

The soul returns to the Silence from which it came.

Final Instructions

You who guide the soul through this passage,
know that these Five Seals are not in vain.

***Even the forgetful, the shallow, the simple
may awaken now.***

For in the Bardo:

- The soul hears with supernatural clarity—every whisper resounds.
- The inner sight is flawless—even the blind see.
- Distractions are stripped away; the mind is naked and alert.
- Memory shines ninefold brighter, and thought becomes destiny.
- The dull grow sharp, the fearful become receptive,
the broken are made whole enough for grace.

Therefore, the sacred reading must continue—
day after day, for up to forty-nine days.

*One utterance may not be enough,
but the next may break the chain.*

Do not weary.
Every word is a light in the dark,
every prayer a bridge to the Real.

THE CHOOSING OF THE GATE



A Revelation to the Soul in the Twilight Between Worlds

That It Might Refuse the Descent into the Realms of Forgetfulness

Many souls, though lovingly called by name, do not awaken.
Though the Sacred Light has dawned upon them in manifold forms, still they cling to shadow.

Why?

Because the weight of many lifetimes lies heavy upon them.
They loved the world too much, and Wisdom too little.

And so, when the gates of return stand open, the soul begins to drift toward embodiment.
Here a final teaching must be given:

how to choose—or refuse—the gateway of incarnation.



*in the **Living Sophia**,
and in the **Communion of the Holy Aeons**."*

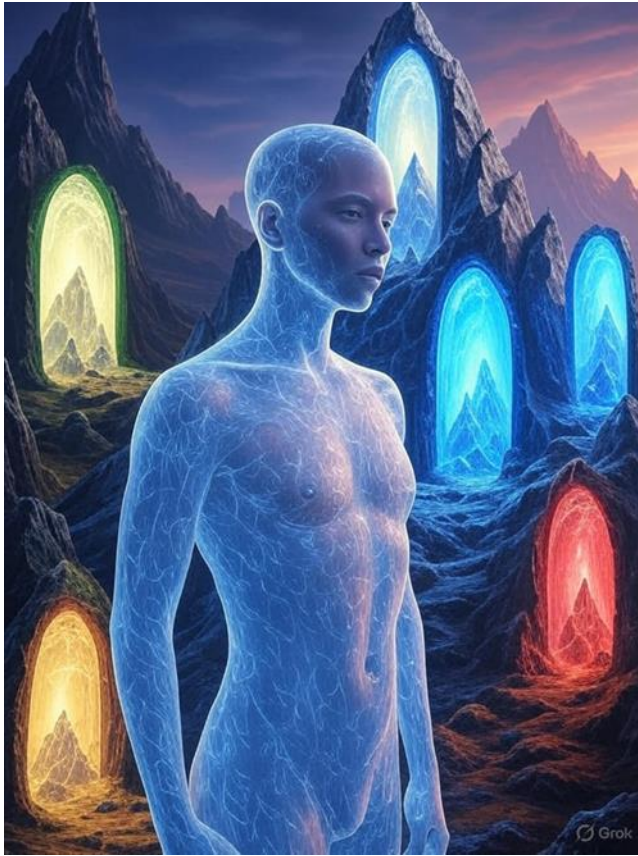
A Final Admonition to the Wandering Soul

O Child of the Light, bearer of the *Imprint of the Pleroma*—
listen now with urgency.
The Sacred Face of Truth has been revealed to you,
yet you did not awaken.
Now the currents of return pull strongly upon you.

Do not yield.
Do not be moved by longing.
Remember your inheritance in the Aeons of Light.

Call upon the Name of the Logos, the *Compassionate One*.
Repeat the Refuge in your heart:

*"I take refuge in the **Eternal Christ**,*



Premonitions of the Place of Birth

Soon visions will rise before you.
They are not dreams, but shadows of
the doorway you are about to enter.
Choose with care:

- If you see a lake adorned with swans, turn away.
This is a *world of ease without flame, comfort without remembrance*.
- If you see mansions of radiant beauty, you may enter—
but only if within them *you sense striving for the sacred*.
This is the realm of Earth: moral struggle, and the *possibility of awakening*.
- If you see golden fields with wild horses, turn away.
This is *abundance without memory of*

the Divine.

- If you see cattle grazing by trees of light, do not enter.
This is a realm of *long life and merit, but the Logos is forgotten there*.
- If you see temples of luminous metals, you may enter—
these are the *higher heavens of the angelic orders*.
Yet even here, remain vigilant: *not all heavens are the Pleroma*.
- If you see flashing wheels of fire, or forests of battle, enter not.
These are the *lower heavens of titanic pride and ambition*.
- If you see dark caverns, holes, or shadowed waters, flee.
These are the bodies of beasts.
- If you see grey plains or hungry forests, turn away.
These are realms of restless spirits, of craving without end.
- If you hear cries like weeping songs,
and see storm-black houses or paths of ash,
you approach the gates of hell.

Invoke your strength, call upon the Aeons, and pass them by.

As it is written:

“Exert thine energy to the utmost—for now is the time of choosing.”

Protection from the Pursuers

Even now tormenting voices may chase you—
karmic winds, furies of regret, storms of fear.

But remember, O soul of the Christ:
all that arises is illusion.
The spirits pursuing you are shadows of your own thought.

*If you feel trapped, drawn toward cave or womb or closing lotus,
know this is not refuge but the pull of incarnation—
a net cast by the Archons of Birth.*

Summon instead the vision of your *Holy Guardian*:

- The Wrathful Christ who shatters the temples of illusion.
- The Flame-Bearing Logos, whose gaze dissolves fear.
- The Thunder-Born Sophia, who severs every chain.
- Or the Inner Guide you loved in life.

Behold their radiance.
Feel their protection.
Let their light consume the shadows.

The Final Choice: Illusion or Light

Know this, O soul:

- Spirits of hunger become such *by clinging to form*.
- Their shape is the *echo of their fear*.
- They were once as you are now—and *faltered at the threshold*.

Now you stand where they once stood.

If you can remember the *Great Symbol*—
that form is void, and void is Light—*then rest in it*.
If this is too subtle, *then see the world as dream,
as mirage, as moonlight on water*.

And if even this is too far, at least refuse to be drawn in.
Hold fast to your Guide.
Remember the Compassionate One.

Say within yourself:

“I take refuge in the Living Flame.
I remember who I am.”

I was not made for bondage,
but for return.
Not for shadow, but for Light."

In this way, you shall not fall.
*And if you must be born again,
let it be with remembrance.*
Let it be with longing for the Pleroma.
Let it be with eyes that still remember the stars.

Closing Seal

Open the Gate, if it is mine.
Close the Gate, if it is not.
Guide me, Light, to where I belong.

THE LAST CHOICE

Of Supernatural Birth in the Realms of Light or Descent into the Womb of Flesh

Speak now to the soul, O Watcher, for the hour is grave.
Call the soul by name—gently, yet with fire—
so that it hears the echo of its own beginning.

To the Soul Wandering Between Worlds

O Child of the Light, once clothed in the veil of Adam, now hovering in the space between worlds—listen well:

You stand at the final veil, *the last precipice*.
Even now, the cords of karma cling,
and the winds of longing pull you toward shadow.
*Yet a higher Gate still glimmers—
for not all births lead downward.*

Supernatural Birth in the Realms of Light

*If your heart is weary of the World of Forms,
if you no longer desire the cycles of forgetting—
then take up the power of transference, and ascend.*

Let your heart cry in holy anguish:
"Alas, through endless ages I have wandered,
entangled in form and the forgetfulness of flesh.
But now the spell is broken.

*Now I remember the Light from which I came.
Now I choose to return."*

Fix your gaze on the *Realm of the Living Christ*—
where the *Buddha of Infinite Light*, the *Gnostic Amitabha*, calls you in peace from the West.
Or on the *Celestial Garden of Maitreya*, the *Hidden One* who waits in joy.
Or on the *Radiant Temple of the Virgin Sophia*, *Womb of the Aeons*,
where the *Bride awaits the union of Spirit and Soul*.

Say within yourself:
***"Let me be born in Light.
Let me rise into the Realm of the Lotus,
where the Word shines without shadow,
and memory becomes knowing."***

Say it with *one-pointed will*, and you shall be born there.

If Flesh Still Calls

But if karma binds you still,
and you feel the pull toward flesh, *then be wise*.
Not every door is a holy door.
Not every womb is worthy of the spark you bear.

Look upon the Earth with awakened sight.
Do not enter a womb through craving or pleasure,
but by intention, by clarity, by remembrance of God.
Choose a place where the Logos stirs in the hearts of men,
where truth is spoken—even if faintly.

Do not be seduced by dazzling lights or pleasing scents—
they are veils of illusion.
Even impurity may appear beautiful;
even shadow may cloak itself in radiance.

***So, fix your will.
Say this prayer as you descend:***

*"Let me be born into wisdom.
Let me walk among those who remember.
Let me serve the hidden fire.
Let my birth be not for self,
but for the good of all beings."*

Offer this intention to the *Christos and to the Aeons*.
Surround the womb with waves of grace;
see it transfigured into a temple of light.

*Call upon the Compassionate One—your inner Logos—
and know you are not alone.*

If Confusion Clouds You

Old karma may invert your sight:
good appearing as evil, evil as good.
You may mistake a beast's lair for refuge,
a holy house for danger.

So, remember ***neither cling nor recoil.***
Walk in holy indifference, free of desire and fear.
That is the art of the perfected ones.

But if you cannot,
if you are tossed by fear or attraction,
then speak the Names again:

***"I take refuge in the Living Christ.
I remember the Pleroma.
I cast off sorrow.
I choose the Light."***

Turn from longing for kin or wealth—
they are echoes now.
*Choose instead the dignity of human birth,
or the ascent into angelic realms.*

If the Womb Cannot Be Refused

If, after all, you must return through the path of flesh,
then speak these final words:

***"Let me return not asleep, but awake.
Let my mother carry the Light.
Let my father remember the stars.
Let this body not be mine, but Yours, O Divine."***

Ritual Instructions to the Guide

Read these words again and again—up to seven times—
so the soul may hear.

Then recite:

Invocation of the Light-Aeons

Light of the Aeons, awaken within me.
Christ-Sophia, open the bridal door.
Logos eternal, guide my soul to its home.

The Prayer of the Bardo Traveler

I walk among Shadows, but I seek the Light.
I stand before Gates, but I choose the True Door.
I journey in Silence, yet the Logos carries me home.

The Words that Pierce the Veil

No shadow binds me, for the Light is near.
No Gate deceives me, for the Aeons stand true.
No veil remains, for the Logos has spoken.

The Litany of Deliverance from Birth

From the wheel of returning, I...loose, my soul.
From the chains of desire, I rise in the Light.
From the womb of the world, I am born into Being.

Lastly, proclaim the ***Liberation through Remembrance***,
so that even in descent, *the soul carries a map of return*.

For even in the body, the Light still calls.

The General Conclusion

By hearing these words rightly, the devoted may depart by the *Great Straight-Upward*, without traversing the Intermediate State.

Those less practised may awaken at the *dawning of the Clear Light*,
or be liberated by *recognizing the Peaceful or Wrathful Forms*.

Those bound by *heavier shadows* may descend into the *Sidpa Bardo*,
yet even for them, liberation remains possible—
for recognition may dawn at any turning.

Even the weakest, burdened by grave errors,
may still be lifted by remembrance or by hearing this Teaching read aloud.
*For in the Bardo, the soul is stripped bare—
its senses sharpened, its memory brightened,
its heart open to grace.*

Therefore, continue this reading for forty-nine days if needed.
Each word becomes a lamp in the dark,
a bridge across the waters of forgetting.

Thus, is completed the ***Teaching of the Last Choice***—
the sealing of the womb-door,
the remembering of the Light,
and the *path of return to the Pleroma*.

Closing Seal

*O Light beyond all shadows, seal this soul in Your flame.
O Christ, gather the wandering into Your heart.
O Sophia, guard the threshold with Your wisdom.
Let the Gate of Forgetfulness be closed.
Let the Gate of Remembrance be opened.*

The Pocket Liturgy of the Gates

(For the Companion of the Dying)

Opening

Light of the Aeons, encircle this soul.
Christ-Sophia, guard the traveller.
Logos eternal, be the true Guide.

The Gate-Invocations

At Each Gate, the Guide says:

“O Traveler, behold the Gate.
If it is yours, may it open.
If it is not, may it pass.”

Then recite the Seal:

Invocation of the Light-Aeons

Light of the Aeons, awaken within me.
Christ-Sophia, open the bridal door.
Logos eternal, guide my soul to its home.

The Prayer of the Bardo Traveler

I walk among Shadows, but I seek the Light.
I stand before Gates, but I choose the True Door.
I journey in Silence, yet the Logos carries me home.

The Words that Pierce the Veil

No shadow binds me, for the Light is near.
No Gate deceives me, for the Aeons stand true.
No veil remains, for the Logos has spoken.

The Litany of Deliverance from Birth

From the wheel of returning, I...loose, my soul.
From the chains of desire, I rise in the Light.
From the womb of the world, I am born into Being.

Closing Blessing

Traveler of the Bardo, go in peace.
The Aeons receive you,

the Logos shelters you,
and Christ-Sophia crowns you with Light.

This form could be read in **10–15 minutes** beside the dying — repetitive, chant-like, stripped of doctrine but still carrying the full force of the imagery.

THE FINAL WORD

The Gospel of Remembrance

A Gnostic Conclusion to the Sacred Instructions Between Death and Rebirth

To the Soul Who Has Walked the Threshold

O Soul radiant in origin yet worn by time,
let it be known: this Sacred Teaching—spoken through the veil—
is **Liberation through the Hearing of the Word.**

It is not philosophy.
It is not ritual.
It is the Voice of the Logos,
calling across the abyss of forgetting.

Those who have practised *Divine Union*—
who remembered the Christ within while yet in flesh—
at death will take the *Straight Path Upward*,
ascending as flame to flame.
They will not tarry in the twilight realms.
They will not wander.
They will enter directly into the Pleroma—
the unbroken Light.

Those who glimpsed but *did not abide*,
may still awaken in the Bardo,
when the *Radiance of the Christ-Sophia* dawns
as either peace or fire.
If they recognize—they will rise.
If they remember—they will return.

But those whose memory is veiled
by many lifetimes of shadow
shall drift into the *Sidpa Bardo*,
the realm of struggle and rebirth.
Yet even there, the Voice still calls.
Even there, the Ladder is not broken.

Many Rungs to Remembering

This Teaching is a ladder.
Each rung is a setting face-to-face,
a chance to turn toward your true nature.

For those who fear—*there is mercy.*
For those who forget—*there is remembrance.*
For those who stumble—*there is return.*

Even the lowliest, shrouded in ignorance,
if they hear this Word, may yet turn from the dark.
*For the soul in Bardo is not flesh—
it is spirit, and can be moved with a whisper.*

*A word of truth is like:
a bridle upon a wild horse*

Let him who has ears, Hear.

Let her who seeks, Remember.

THE CLOSING VERSES

Written in humility by the servant of the Word,
who sought only the radiance of the Gospel Eternal to shine

Through the purity of this intent,
and by the grace flowing from its making,
***may all forgotten ones—mothers, fathers, children of sorrow—
find their way into the arms of the Christ.***

Let the brilliance of blessedness spread across the world.
May this Book be a vessel of Light.
Let virtue find its fullness in us,
and peace be perfected in all.

*Here ends The Gospel of the Luminous Crossing,
a Gnostic Christian Book of the Dead,
which delivers the soul through remembrance,
through radiance, and through Love.*

AFTER-THOUGHT: A UNIVERSAL VIEW

There is no empirical proof that “points of light” emerge visibly from the eyes at death. Yet the mystery of light at the threshold has been pondered by both science and spirit.

Science speaks cautiously:

- Neural surges at death may heighten awareness, like a final “life review.”
- Biophoton emissions from living cells may intensify as life ends, particularly in the eyes and brain.

Traditions speak more boldly:

- Tibetan masters describe the *Clear Light of Death*—the radiant ground of mind.
- Gnostic Christians speak of the soul robed in light, the lamp of the body shining forth.
- Sufi, Kabbalistic, and Indigenous traditions all tell of sparks, flashes, or luminous departures.
- Theosophy and Anthroposophy teach that the etheric body withdraws as light, perceptible to the attuned.

Thus, science sketches shadows, but spirit remembers radiance.

Epilogue: A Personal Witness

To the wary reader, these pages may seem alien—perhaps even dangerous. Yet I bear witness: *I have seen the last light leaving a dying one’s eyes. I have seen the golden dew, the shimmer of the body transfigured, the awe and wonder it inspired before I understood.*

Only when this Teaching found me did meaning dawn: *life itself is a Bardo*. Each breath is a threshold, *each day an opportunity to awaken*. The Illusion of Death only magnifies what has always been—**choice**.

In the Bardo the soul is *finally offered the great decision*: to return to the Christ-Light, or to the world of form, or to descend still further into shadow. And should the soul persistently refuse the Light, it may by *free choice extinguish itself* from the scroll of life, for the **radiance is too bright for a darkened will**.

Yet even so—the call never ceases.

The Christ-Sophia forever beckons,
whispering through the veil:

“Return.”

Addendum A

THE PRAYERS OF GOOD WISHES

That Guard the Soul from Fear in the Bardo

A Hymn of Refuge in the Presence of Christos and Sophia

1. The Hour of Departure

When the hourglass of life empties its final grain,
and the kin of the world can no longer follow me—
when I walk the Shadowed Path alone:
O Christos, Logos of Peace and Fire,
O Sophia, Womb of Compassion,
let Your gaze dissolve the Gloom of Forgetfulness.

2. The Parting from Companions

When I am severed from the arms of those I loved,
and only phantoms of thought and memory surround me,
reveal, O Logos-born Luminaries,
that these forms are but my own shadows—
and let fear not lay hold upon me.

3. The Radiance of Wisdom

When the blazing Lights of the Five-fold Wisdoms shine,
let me not be afraid, but know them as my own radiance.
When Peaceful and Terrible Forms appear,
let me receive them not with dread, but with recognition.

4. The Burden of Karma

When the weight of misdeeds draws sorrow,
let Thy Compassion cast off my suffering, O Christ.
When the Soundless Voice roars like a thousand storms,
may I hear in it the Hymn of the Bridal Chamber—
the Gospel of Eternal Union.

5. The Solitary Path

When no protector stands beside me,
and I must face what I have sown,
let the Word Made Flesh remember me.
When all seems lost in pain and confusion,
let the Lamp of the Clear Light shine once more.

6. The Body of Vision

If I take a form not of flesh but of vision,
let the deceits of the demiurge hold no power.

*If I travel swift and unseen,
let no veil of karma cloud my sight.*

7. The Rising of Shadows

When the cries of beasts and shades rise in terror,
let them dissolve into the sacred chant:

Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison.

When storm and sorrow encircle me,
let the Eyes of Sophia pierce the veil.

8. The Communion of Souls

Let all souls of the same spiritual House
recognize one another—not with envy, but with joy.

If thirst or hunger gnaws at any,
*let the Manna of Heaven fall,
let no fire or frost touch us.*

9. The Choosing of the Gate

If I behold man and woman entwined in passion,
let me see instead the Image of Father-Mother,
Christ and Sophia in holy union.

*Let me not enter the womb in ignorance,
but in Love—to serve and awaken.*

10. The Vow of Incarnation

If I wear the form of a man,
let me carry Light to those who see me,
and Voice to those who hear.

*Let no shadow follow me—
only the fragrance of virtue.*

11. The Welcome of the Saints

Wherever I emerge into form,
let the Radiant Ones await me—
guides robed in peace, saints clothed in fire.
*Let me walk and speak from the first breath,
and remember who I was, and who I am.*

12. The Blessing of the World

In all arts and sciences, great and small,
let insight rise like a morning star.
Wherever I am born,
*let the land itself bless me—
and let the joy of all beings increase.*

13. The Union with the Source

*O Logos, O Sophia, may I become as You are:
perfect in Light, in form, in purpose, in name.
Let my life be an icon of Your glory.*

14. The Universal Benediction

By the mercy of the Aeons,
by the Sound that called all things into being,
by the vow of the Mystic Church,
and the prayers of all who walk the Path—
*let every soul's true longing be fulfilled,
here and now, and forevermore.*

Addendum B

Glossary & Commentary for *The Book of the New Dawn*

Aeons

In Gnostic cosmology, Aeons are divine emanations or aspects of the ultimate Source (the *Pleroma*). They represent archetypal qualities—such as *Sophia* (Wisdom) or *Logos* (Word)—through which the unknowable Being expresses Itself.

In this book: Aeons often appear as luminous presences or archetypes encountered by the soul in its ascent.

Archons

“Rulers” or cosmic gatekeepers in Gnostic teaching. They are seen as spiritual forces that enforce ignorance, illusion, or attachment, often linked to the planetary spheres.

In this book: The soul must recognize Archons as projections of ignorance and pass beyond them through gnosis (inner knowing).

Bardo

A Tibetan Buddhist term meaning “intermediate state,” especially the state between death and rebirth as described in the *Bardo Thödol* (*Tibetan Book of the Dead*).

In this book: The Bardo is reinterpreted in a Gnostic Christian voice—described as thresholds, chambers, or mirrors where the soul encounters its own projections and the Light of its true origin.

Bridal Chamber

A central symbol in Gnostic Christianity, referring to the mystical union of the soul with its divine counterpart and with the Source.

In this book: The “Bridal Chamber” is the place of ultimate remembrance, where duality dissolves, and the soul awakens as one with the Light.

Clear Light

In Tibetan teaching, the “Clear Light of Reality” is the ultimate nature of mind—radiant, boundless awareness revealed at the moment of death.

In this book: The Clear Light is paralleled with the Gnostic vision of the *Pleroma* and the Logos, the Radiance the soul must recognize as its own true essence.

Gnosis

From the Greek for “knowledge,” but here it means inner, experiential knowing of divine truth—beyond belief or doctrine.

In this book: Gnosis is the soul’s recognition of its divine spark and origin. It is the passport through the illusions of the Archons and the key to liberation.

Logos

Greek for “Word.” In Christian theology, the Logos is Christ as the divine Word made flesh. In Gnostic thought, Logos is the eternal principle of truth and order flowing from the Source.

In this book: Logos is invoked as both a guiding presence and the soul’s original essence—the “Name-before-Names.”

Monad

The ineffable One, the supreme Source beyond form, thought, or duality.

In this book: The Monad is the ultimate Light of the Pleroma, from which all Aeons and emanations arise.

Near-Death Experience (NDE)

Modern accounts of consciousness continuing after clinical death. Typically involve tunnels, lights, beings of love, and life review.

In this book: NDEs are presented as contemporary parallels to the Bardo journey, showing cross-cultural continuity in death’s threshold experiences.

Pleroma

A Gnostic term meaning “Fullness.” It refers to the divine realm of wholeness beyond duality, the true home of the soul.

In this book: Liberation is the soul’s remembrance and return to the Pleroma, where exile and separation dissolve.

Protennoia

“The First Thought” in Gnostic texts, a feminine emanation of the divine Source, often identified with Sophia.

In this book: Protennoia is the voice calling the soul back to remembrance—the subtle vibration underlying all forms of awareness.

Sophia

Greek for “Wisdom.” In Gnosticism, Sophia is a divine Aeon whose fall into matter initiates the soul’s exile in the material world.

In this book: Sophia embodies both the soul’s longing and the guiding wisdom that leads it home.

Spiral of Becoming

A recurring symbol of rebirth, reincarnation, or descent back into form.

In this book: The “Spiral of Binding Light” describes how unrecognized projections draw the soul back into density and embodiment.

Threshold / Veil

The liminal point between worlds—life and death, ignorance and remembrance, form and formlessness.

In this book: The veil is described as “thinner than breath, softer than silence,” a poetic metaphor for the fragility of separation.

Threefold Manifestation (Trikāya parallel)

Adapted from Buddhist thought. In the Gnostic framework:

- **Pleromatikon** – Truth-Body, formless radiance (parallels *Dharmakāya*).
- **Sophonikon** – Image-Body of archetypal union (*Sambhogakāya*).
- **Kosmikon** – Manifestation-Body, teachers and avatars (*Nirmāṇakāya*).

In this book: This structure maps the ways divine presence appears to the soul across levels of reality.

Universal Virtue / All-Pervading Goodness

A teaching on the soul’s innate radiance that remains unstained by fear, karma, or time.

In this book: It represents the eternal purity of the divine spark—the “face before birth.”